HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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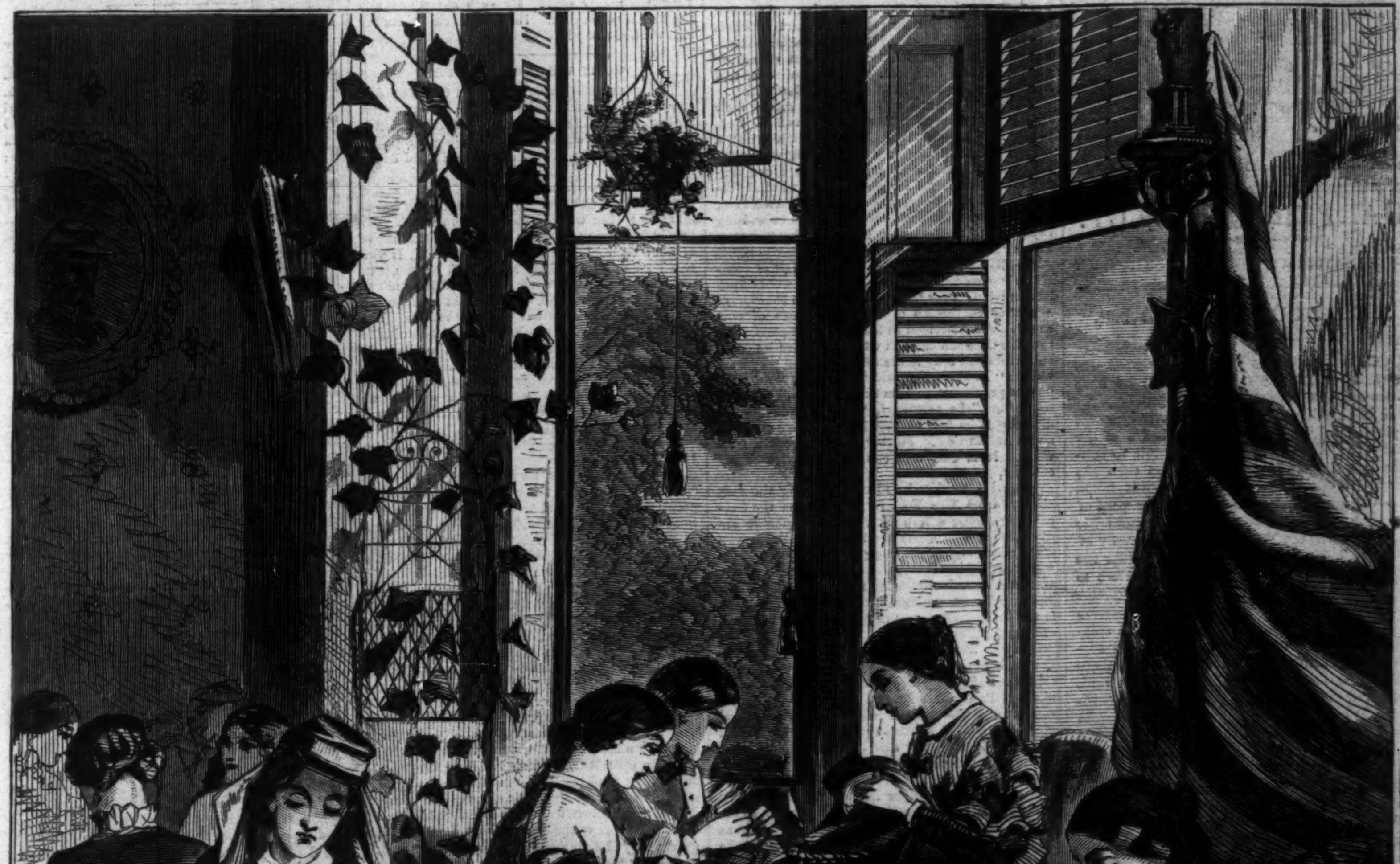


THE WAR—MAKING HAVELOCKS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

THIRTEEN AND THIRTY-FOUR.

Courage, Sons of Freedom! brightly
Still our Flag floats o'er the brave;
Coward hearts hold honor lightly;
Hold the trust, its fame to save!
Strike for the 34! Country and Home restore!
Strike for the old 13! Unite their hearts once more!
Hurrah for the old 13!
Tiger for the 34!

Soldiers, up and at their legions
Who our Union would assail,
Brother foes or foreign minions;
Wrong must perish—Right prevail!
Stand by the 34! Bear all your fathers bore,
Stand by the old 13! proudly midst cannons' roar,
Charge for the old 13!
Salute the 34!

Patriots, ours to guard the ramparts
Of our proud inheritance!
Equal hearts—forbearance—true hearts,
Still our rock and sure defense!
Equal the 34! from lake to ocean's shore;
Equal the old 13! as thrilled in days of yore!
One cause the old 13;
One heart the 34!

Speed the day when pride, ambition,
Party feuds, intestine strife—
All shall yield to the fruition
Of a new-born civil life!
Glorious the 34! glorious as ne'er before!
Honored the old 13! as in the days of yore
Glorious the old 13!
Honored the 34!

God of Truth! in gloomiest hour,
When all other bulwarks fail,
Thou wilt be our Strength and Tower,
'Gainst us none can e'er prevail:
Spare us the 34! humbly we Thee implore;
Spare us the old 13! clasped forever more!
God bless the old 13!
God bless the 34!

Nazareth, Pennsylvania, June 8, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 29, 1861.

A TEST QUESTION FOR MR. LINCOLN.

THE capture of the privateer *Savannah* will test Mr. Lincoln's nerve. Will he have the courage to hang the pirate captain?

In law the case is clear. The privateer was a pirate craft, and every man on board of her was guilty of piracy. It is impossible to conceive a more obviously piratical act than the seizure of the brig *Joseph*, which was taken into Georgetown, South Carolina, by part of the crew of the *Savannah* shortly before her capture. The law declares that the penalty of piracy is death. Will the President suffer the law to take its course, or will he interfere to protect the pirates?

People are asking each other this question with no little anxiety. Merchants and ship-owners, who have come forward nobly in support of the Government, are trembling in apprehension lest Mr. Lincoln should not have the nerve to carry out his policy, and crush piracy in the bud. Foreigners will decide, from Mr. Lincoln's action in this case, whether the President's proclamations are in earnest or mere bug-a-boos.

It is a question of nerve merely. The rebels threaten to retaliate upon Northern men if we hang their pirates. But they are already hanging every Northern man they can find—while we are actually liberating the scoundrels who fire upon our pickets, on condition that they swear allegiance to the United States. What worse can they do?

We incline to the belief that as the United States army advances into Virginia, the rebels will be chary of using the halter in a public way. The more sagacious among them must begin to see that by-and-by the fate of not a few of the secessionist leaders will be in the hands of the United States Government. What that fate would be, if the threatened "retaliation" were attempted, they can readily infer.

☞ We are indebted to the Captain of the *State of Georgia*, transport, for favors.

☞ We have received Trow's *City Directory*, as full as usual; an indispensable work for every counting-house and store.

☞ Bachman's *Birds-eye View of the Seat of the War in the West* is an excellent sheet, and gives a very good idea of the relative positions of the rebel and United States forces.

THE LOUNGER.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

THE blood of the heroes who fall in this war for liberty and humanity consecrates to the work every man who remains. Our brothers who have marched before us are encamped upon the field; and we, whose turn has not yet come, are but encamped upon our hearth-stones. Yet the red hand that strikes one camp wounds the other. The soldiers fall, but the homes suffer. They suffer, but they do not shrink. They are the nurseries of that patriotism in which this wild conspiracy had no faith. They cheer their children, and send them forth with smiles in their eyes and victory in their hearts. They have counted the cost.

> "We wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation;
> Not painlessly doth God recast
> And mould anew the nation."

Such homes, such soldiers, make the terrible armies; for they know what they fight for, and they fight through death to victory. They know how fearful war is; but they know also how holy, and wise, and imperative it may be. And whether after many years and long service they return old men, wounded and weary, or whether they fall in the very opening of the struggle and in the bright flush of their own youth, the same love, and glory, and honor follow them, and their names are sweet and blessed forever.

Such a soldier fell in the action at Great Bethel when Theodore Winthrop, an aid and military secretary of General Butler, sank mortally wounded. What quiet heroism, clear intelligence, steadfast faith, generous hope, thoughtful enthusiasm, tempered by singular coolness, skill, wide experience, and personal bravery, which would as surely have made his name shine in this war as they had already advanced him, are lost with him to his country, only the friends who knew him very intimately can know. And with them only remain the knowledge and the hallowed memory of the stainless candor, ready humor, shrewd sympathy, heroic reticence, and utter unselfishness which, with his various cultivation and sagacious observation in much travel, made him so charming and beloved a companion. He had the Yankee tact which is never at fault in practical life; and, with a romantic courage, a deep poetic refinement of nature which inspired him with literary ambition, and made him a lover of art and the friend of artists.

Those who knew him truly counted among their friends few men so well appointed as he. But, partly from ill health, partly from temperament, a dreamy sadness overhung his life and dispirited his efforts. Glad of his friends' success, and conscious of the kindred impulse, he still wistfully delayed. Of great industry and restless endeavor, he saw success slide by, and seemed to be waiting in melancholy patience the rising of a happier star. It has risen at last, and shines upon his grave.

On the Sunday afternoon after the fall of Sumter he was walking with a friend in the woods upon Staten Island, near his home. No man could have a clearer conception of the significance of that event. An American in the noblest sense, he felt that the time had come in which our liberties could be maintained only in the same way that they were won. "To-morrow," said his friend, "we shall have a proclamation from the President." "Then to-morrow," he answered, "I shall enlist." He did so. If he had hesitated before there could be no hesitation now. Mother, sisters, brother, farewell! It is God who calls in the voice of my country.

With his brother he marched among the first soldiers from New York in the ranks of the Seventh, dragging a howitzer. The passionate enthusiasm of that departure is best told in his own story of it; and of all those thousand young men who marched in that April sunset with steady step, amidst a tumult of shouts and sobs and prayers and blessings, to an expected immediate battle, he is the first who has met the death which each one of them heroically awaited.

Writing from Camp Cameron early in May to the same friend, he says: "I wish to enroll myself at once in the police of the nation, and for life, if the nation will take me. I do not see that I can put myself—experience and character—to any more useful use." In this spirit he acted, and such was his evident ability that in a month he was aid and military secretary to General Butler, and held at his disposal a first lieutenancy in the army. The success of his paper in the *Atlantic*, and his ardor and advance in military life, indicated to his friends that his public career was opening just as he would have it. To him the cause to which he gave himself was that of mankind; and was worth all it might cost.

"Fellow-soldier," he writes again, "what do you think now of the necessity of our trade? It seems that the world can not do without us. It is shabby that mankind will not keep the peace and be decent. Did you suppose, in the epoch gone by, that your beloved country was civilized? Did you fancy that *vi et armis* was obsolete? Ah well! perhaps—perhaps—we are now assisting at the dying agonies of Bellona."

Again he says: "As to the threatened guerrilla warfare, have no fear of it. The Virginians are not Spaniards or Swiss. They are not united, and they have their slaves always in the rear. Guerrilla warfare is nearly impossible in a country like this. There are no Pyrenees or Alps to defend. Our flankers and skirmishers will take care of all the fellows behind fences. A few burned villages, a dozen guerrillas hung, one scouring skirmish or battle will pacify a whole State. Under the discipline and *esprit du corps* of a regiment or an army the South may fight; but they will not have moral conviction enough to risk their separate lives except in assassinations, and those a few sharp examples will terminate. We heard their threats at Annapolis. We heard also the pitiful plaints of the timid who believed the threats. *No, if we are patient and well led*, we shall do our work without much massacre."

In the same letter he adds, in the most characteristic strain: "I have fun. I get experience. I see much. It pays. Ah yes! But in these fair days of May I miss my Staten Island. War stirs the pulse; but it wounds a little all the time."

A few hours before the expedition left Fort Monroe he wrote: "If I do not come back, give my dearest love to all." So, also, by a sad and curious coincidence, the last words of his paper in the unpublished number of the *Atlantic*—words whose significance no one more fully apprehended than he—are "Good-by, every body!"

The expedition left Fort Monroe and the camps at midnight on Sunday, June 9. Adjutant Schaffner of the Seventh (volunteers) says:

"I made a reconnoissance with Major Winthrop about 12 o'clock in the day, and can testify to his bravery and daring. He was very much exhausted, having wanted for sleep, food, and water, and the day had turned out very hot. We stuck our heads out of some underbrush, and instantly there was a perfect shower of balls rained upon us, which compelled us to withdraw a few paces. Major Winthrop laid himself behind a tree, saying if he could only sleep for five minutes he would be all right. He remarked, as he did this, that he was going to see the inside of that intrenchment before he went back to the fortress—his manner being that of cool, ordinary conversation. He continued self-possessed and cool throughout the whole engagement, up to the time when he received his death-wound, which happened by the side of Lieutenant Herringen, Company E, who remained with him, and cared for him until life had fled. He was shot in the side."

Another says:

"The gallantry of Major Winthrop is the subject of universal admiration with both the Federal and the rebel forces. The rebel riflemen in the pits before the Bethel battery state that they several times took deliberate aim at him, as he was all the time conspicuous at the head of the advancing Federal troops, loudly cheering them on to the assault."

Eighty-six years ago, on the day on which these words are written, Joseph Warren fell, "last in the trenches," upon Bunker Hill. He gave gladly his heart's-blood to gain the peace of liberty for his country. Not less gladly fell Theodore Winthrop to secure that holy peace; nor with less honor be his name remembered. Farewell, brave heart! Farewell, manly soul! By such sharp pangs is the nation born again. In blood so costly are her sins washed away!

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

THE next question is, What will Congress do? It is very clear what should be done. The amplest authority should be given to the Administration to carry on a vigorous and overwhelming campaign. Either that, or the Slave-conspiracy should be acknowledged.

There has been some feeble talk of what is called compromise. Compromise with what? An incendiary is trying to fire your house in which your family is sleeping, and you have him within range of your rifle. He proposes compromise. If you will let him steal quietly away with his weapons and matches, he will agree for the moment not to kindle your house. No, no. For that reckless and cruel assassin there is but one compromise. You will shoot him as he crouches, or hand him over to justice. In either case his doom is sure.

For this cruel and cowardly rebellion, which began in perjury and robbery and is continued in desperation, there can be, and there will be, no other compromise than absolute surrender, and then the course of justice.

A great nation is peacefully pursuing its career. Under a Constitution of singular wisdom and adaptability to every event, its flag is every where respected; its name is the synonym of power; its people enjoy a general well-being unprecedented in history; its position secludes it from the contagion of other national troubles; by the quiet operation of its laws it is gradually eliminating the defects of its own system; so that, in the lapse of a few years, every man should be secured in the enjoyment of every right that God gave or society can protect; when, suddenly, without the pretense that any law or right has been violated, that any injury has been done to the person or the property of the citizens, a large body of people, led by men who, sitting in the seats of lawful authority, have conspired its overthrow, because they have lost the personal control, appear in arms against the Government. They steal its property, its ships, arsenals, mints, hospitals, navy-yards, and forts; they fire upon its flag; they murder its loyal citizens; they send emissaries to corrupt the opinion of other nations; they blight the national prosperity; they impoverish the individual citizen; they cover the name of the country with doubt and disgrace; they aim, by overthrowing the Government, to subvert the foundations of all peaceful society; they cruelly destroy private happiness and public peace, and intentionally plunge the land into the bitter, bloody horrors of war, and then, when the nation, springing from its paralysis of consternation and incredulity, rouses itself, obedient to the tremendous impulse which thrills from its Atlantic to its Pacific nerves, startling the whole frame into a majesty of wrath and power, raises its hand to cleave the barbarous, wanton, wicked conspiracy asunder, the leaders, both outside and inside its camp, begin to suggest compromise.

If any word justly stinks in the nostrils of this nation, it is the word Compromise. Because it is a principle of human action, founded in common sense, that we must do what we can, not what we would, it seems to be assumed that we must do nothing at all. The principle of doing what you can is perfectly correct; and the thing we *can* do at present is to suppress this rebellion. And that is the thing we ought to do, in simple justice to ourselves and to posterity. For what is there to compromise? Is the obedience of the citizens of the United States to the Government a question of compromise? The moment the Government treats with traitors it surrenders to treason and subverts itself.

And with what and whom will you compromise? With the faction that carried the Missouri bargain under the pretense of peace? Do you say the bargain would have kept the peace if it had not been broken? But why was it broken? Because there was no faith on the side which had derived all the advantage from it. And it is precisely that side—which holds, in regard to the Free States of this country, the doctrine of Philip Second toward the Netherlands, *No faith with heretics*—which now begins to whisper compromise.

The slave oligarchy which contends for the control of this Government against the mass of the free citizens, and which takes up arms to recapture that control when it lawfully loses it, has always carried its point under the mask of compromise. When the Missouri bill was passed, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, sadly conceded that the oligarchy had conquered. William Pinkney wrote exultingly home in the same strain. The oligarchy politely bowed, and called victory compromise.

And they have always done it. Compromise, in the history of the United States, means in the Slave States victory, and in the Free States surrender. What has been the object of this kind of compromising? To prevent the slave oligarchy from taking up arms to dissolve the Union. But they have done it. They are armed now, and moving. They have spit upon the flag. They have murdered our loyal brothers. They have been the sore spot and canker ever since we were a nation. They have humiliated us abroad. They have disgraced us at home. They now ask us to surrender again. For what? To buy them off from doing the very thing they are engaged in. To allow them to hold the threat of disunion as a permanent terror over the Government.

Is there any man in the country who wants more of this? No. The oligarchy has always threatened rebellion; and under the fear of that threat the nation was well-nigh demoralized. It has always threatened, and now it is acting. Let us settle the question at once and forever. Let us prove the scope of the threat. Let us understand whether the Government of this nation exists by the sufferance of any faction in the country, or whether it is able to crush treason and punish traitors.

ADAMS AND CALHOUN.

IN Josiah Quincy's "Memoir of John Quincy Adams" there is a great deal of most interesting detail of conversations between Calhoun and Adams which have a singular pertinence to this epoch.

One day, during the debate upon the Missouri bill, Mr. Calhoun remarked to Mr. Adams that he did not think the slave question, then pending in Congress, would produce a dissolution of the Union; but if it should, the South would, from necessity, be compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain. Mr. Adams asked if that would not be returning to the old colonial state. Calhoun said, "Yes, pretty much; but it would be forced upon them."

Mr. Adams inquired whether he thought if, by the effect of this alliance, the population of the North should be cut off from its natural outlet upon the ocean, it would fall back upon its rocks, bound hand and foot, to starve; or whether it would retain its power of locomotion to move Southward by land.

Mr. Calhoun replied that in the latter event it would be necessary for the South to make their communities all military.

Mr. Adams pressed the conversation no further, but remarked, "If the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as any thing that can be foreseen of futurity that it must shortly afterward be followed by a universal emancipation of the slaves. A more remote, but perhaps not less certain consequence would be the extirpation of the African race on this continent by the gradually bleaching process of intermixture, where the white is already so predominant, and by the destructive process of emancipation, which, like all great religious and political reformations, is terrible in its means, though happy and glorious in its end."

ANOTHER VOICE.

IN a time like this every man who has the opportunity of speaking to the public is recreant if he does not swell the universal and indignant chorus which demands that the costly lives of American citizens shall not be sacrificed to the criminal blunders of imbecile commanders. The Government is no more justified in appointing city politicians and country lawyers to high military commands than it would be in sending lieutenants and captains of the regular army to argue abstruse legal cases before the courts. War is a science. It is not a question of personal bravery, but of strategic skill. It is a science which, like every other, is to be mastered only by devoted study; and lawyers and politicians are no more likely to be adepts in it than chemists or tailors.

Look at the case. Here is a formidable rebellion organized against the Government. It is in the hands of men who have controlled that Government for many years. It establishes, first of all, a military despotism. It silences the press. It seals every opposing mouth. It is encamped upon a vast territory, and has stolen the most valuable military property and advantages from the United States. It appoints to important commands only experienced soldiers. Brigand-General Floyd may call for arms in obscure quarters; but Beauregard and able officers direct the essential movements in critical positions. The conspiracy works silently and secretly and swiftly. Its sole hope of temporary success lies in the bold dash it may make; and instead of confronting it upon the Florida Keys or the remote Gulf shore, the Government of the United States is intrenched before its own capital, disputing its very seat upon the Potomac with the rebels.

That Government, to insure speedily the victory which it must finally achieve, requires only three conditions—and it has them all at command—

First, It wants plenty of money;
Second, Plenty of men;
Third, Plenty of skilled leaders.

It has all of them, if it chooses. If three hundred thousand men are wanted, they are ready and anxious to march. If more money is wanted, people will be pinched, but it shall be had. And for leaders, there is not a second lieutenant in the army who would not have gone out and hung himself had he commanded at Great Bethel.

It is true that our Government depends upon volunteers. But then volunteers are our army; the army with which we must carry on war; and war is still a science. If, therefore, the volunteer officers are unacquainted with it, skilled officers must be substituted before the men are allowed to go into action. Otherwise the army is demoralized, and defeated before the battle begins. What man hereafter could do his best under the unfortunate General Pierce? But hereafter every inexperienced civilian is a General Pierce to his soldiers. A man may be intelligent, energetic, prompt, courageous, and of great executive skill. These are excellent gifts, but they can not take the place of scientific knowledge. They must be combined with military science before they can fit a man to be a general or a colonel. Just as the same traits must be united with legal knowledge before a man can be a lawyer.

Of course in such an emergency as this many a civilian will prove to be an able officer. Thank God for it. But don't assume it. A man may have grown gray as Brigadier-General of State militia. The chance is that he can sit safely on his horse at a parade, if the horse has been trained to it. But don't send him into the field with the flower of the youth and heroism of the army at his command until he has shown his ability. Send any regularly trained lieutenant, if the general be not proved. Who does not know that if Greble had been in command our history would not have been darkened by the deplorable day at Great Bethel?

THE VERACITY OF TRAITORS.

How many faithful citizens of the United States, intelligent, industrious, honorable, who gladly give their fortunes and lives to the defense of the Government, must be butchered in this war before the Government stops palavering with traitors and hangs them? They are caught in the act, as at Fairfax Court House. Loyal citizens are shot by them, as at Great Bethel. The progress of the country is paralyzed, and its position among nations put in doubt, and after swearing to be loyal the traitors are allowed to return to their treason, and carry information to make that treason more fatally effective. In the Public Departments it is openly asserted that officers are retained who serve the country which pays them, and which they have sworn to uphold, by giving information to the enemy. In Baltimore and Missouri men are arrested as traitors and allowed to go upon bail, although treason is a capital crime. A privateer is taken and brought into port, and every body knows that the officers and crew will escape. Every infernal art of massacre is employed by the rebels. The citizens among them who are faithful to their country are at the mercy of a barbarous mob. The flower of the youth, and heroism, and patriotism of the country, in the persons of Ellsworth, of Greble, of Winthrop, of the Massachusetts martyrs at Baltimore and elsewhere, and all the heroes from all the States, fall under the murderous hand of the traitors, and still it is only necessary that a rebel should tell a lie, and his life is safe.

Has it occurred to the authorities at Washington who perform this melancholy farce of administering an oath to traitors taken in arms, that a man who would gladly shoot his neighbor because he is a patriot would cheerfully tell a lie to save himself? If Jefferson Davis should ride into Washington some pleasant morning, and say that he was very sorry, and would like to forget and forgive, would he be arrested, tried, and hung, or politely invited to dinner?

The correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, one of the ablest and most loyal of journals, writes from Washington on the 14th of June: "An agent of Governor Wise, who came to the city two days ago from Richmond, and left for there yesterday by way of Manassas Junction, informs me," etc.

Will this correspondent explain how he justifies himself in not causing the arrest of this agent?

The correspondent says in the same letter that Wise employs men to visit the city, and report to him and Davis. "After making themselves fully acquainted with what is going on here, *they obtain a pass from the authorities which enables them to pass beyond our pickets and to the Confederate camp.*"

The story is probably false. And yet is there any thing in the treatment of traitors taken in the act which makes it very improbable? Since Washington is a camp, why is not martial law proclaimed?

INVOLUNTARY SPIES.

If there were several enterprising newspapers in Richmond, and every morning they contained detailed accounts of all that had been done the day before and was to be done on the morrow, and the papers were sent to us publicly, as long as the mails would carry them, and privately afterward, we should all feel that we had most valuable allies in Richmond, and that the newspapers, at least, were loyal to the Union, proving it by revealing the movements and plan of the enemy.

It is just as true the other way; up to the first of June, when the mails stopped, the Northern papers paid agents for collecting news for the rebels, and the Government carefully transmitted it to them. At the present time Jefferson Davis has his spies and agents in all the Northern cities, and all the facts in regard to the intentions of the Government which any reporter of any paper can discover, is promptly sent to him.

The Government is very properly annoyed by all this, and will doubtless take measures to keep its own secrets. The reporters, on the other hand, are indignant, and sneer at the feeling of the Government. The *Tribune* says that any gentlemanly reporter who was asked not to convey important intelligence would obey the request. Probably; but the Government can not stop to ask Tom, Dick, and Harry not to telegraph this or that thing, and, besides, there might be such a personage as an *un*gentlemanly reporter. Does the *Tribune* suppose, for instance, that his excellency the minister of the United States to Portugal would hesitate to tell what he had discovered whether asked to hold his tongue or not?

Every great invention has its disadvantages. It is the law of compensation. It is a fine thing to have all the news and more. It is undoubtedly the business of newspapers to furnish the news. But it is also the business of newspapers not to help the enemy; and if one of the sacrifices we must make at this time is giving up the knowledge of what is going to be done for the knowledge of what is done, it is not the severest sacrifice that can be made.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LINES BY A COCKNEY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet hangel, whom I met last heve
Hat Mrs. Harthur's 'op,
I 'ope that you will give me leave
A question now to pop.

I mind me 'ow when in the 'all
Your carriage was hannounced,
You hasked me to hadjust your shawl,
Hon which with 'aste I pounced.

Then heager to your Ma you ran,
She anxious to be gone,
I 'eard 'er call you Mary-Hann,
Or helse 'twas Mari-hon.

Now, Mary-Hann's a name I 'ate
Has much as Betsy-Jane,
I could not bear to link my fate
With such a 'orrid name;

But Mari-hon I like as well
As hany name I know;
Then, hangel, I implore thee tell,
Dost spell it with a Ho?

The Advantage of Stuttering.—A young author (we will not mention names) has the lining of his hat completely blackened with ink. The wonder was how the spots could have got there, because authors do not generally carry their inkstands inside their hats, when a wag present, who stuttered (and if he hadn't stuttered, he could not have made the joke) suggested that "probably it might be the result of th'-th'-inking?"

It's just like their Conceit!—"Women," says a literary Hermit, "might have some reason to be proud of being the more beautiful half of the human race, if the other half wasn't so confoundedly ugly."

The Richest Dish in the World.—The "Weal" of Fortune.

Fashionable Obstruction.—The enormous amplitude which female dresses have attained to is productive of peculiar inconvenience to pedestrians in haste, walking through fields and lanes. Owing to the present width of skirts, it takes a little woman five minutes to get through a great gate.

Three Degrees of Comparison.—Bet, Better, Best left alone.

Hot weather frequently has the effect of making many good-tempered persons extremely choleric, for which due allowance should be made: for is it not natural that a person who has been for hours exposed to a broiling hot sun should evince the strongest desire at the first opportunity to take umbrage?

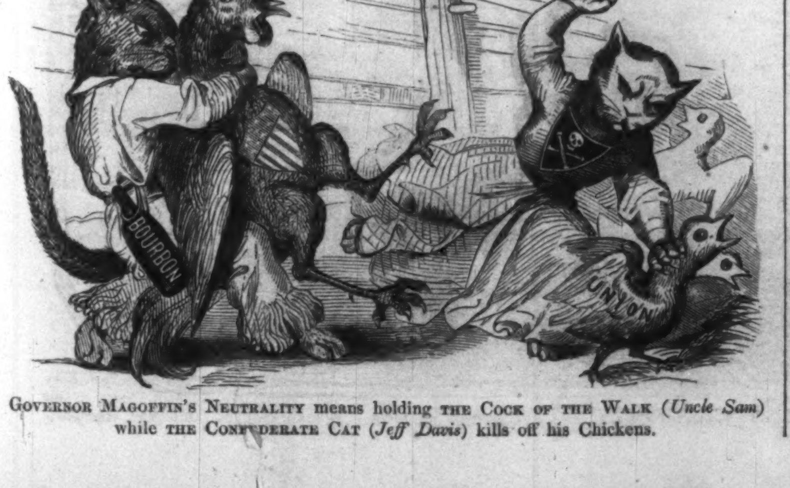
THE JUST AND HOLY CAUSE OF SLAVERY.

[*From Punch.*]

"We feel," says President Jefferson Davis, in his Message to the Secessional Congress, "that our cause is just and holy." Could not the negroes of the Southern States, if they rose against their masters, say just as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection? The less Mr. Davis says about justice and holiness the better, if he does not want to preach a dangerous doctrine, besides being considered a humbug. "Dash holiness, and justice be blanked!" is the consistent language for Mr. Jefferson Davis. "Might is right; we expect to thrash the Northerners; and the Institution of Slavery forever!"

A woman may speak as many tongues as she will, but don't let her do it with too long a one of her own.

Mrs. Robinson (the widow of the eminent professor of natural philosophy) invited a gentleman to dinner, who accepted, with the observation, "If I am spared."—"Weel, weel, if ye're dead, I'll no expect ye," replied the widow.



Governor Magoffin's Neutrality means holding the Cock of the Walk (*Uncle Sam*) while the Confederate Cat (*Jeff Davis*) kills off his Chickens.

The following anecdote is going the rounds of the French papers. The actors are a lady and a physician, the celebrated Professor Pierry, well known to medical men all over the world. The doctor was recently summoned to the mansion of a duchess, and hastened to obey the call, which was of an immediate nature. He was forthwith introduced to the boudoir of the lady, who, with tears in her eyes, pointed to a hideous little monkey, decked with costly laces, and writhing in great apparent pain, upon an elegant velvet cushion. The doctor, at first hurt and humiliated by the insult offered to him, soon regained his equanimity, and gravely proceeded to fulfill his professional duty. After a momentary examination, the doctor divined the cause of the animal's distress; then, noticing a child of the duchess crawling upon the floor, he took it up, felt its pulse, and coolly said to the lady, "Madame, your two sons are laboring under indigestion. Give them tea to drink, and restrict them for a few days to a simple diet. No other prescription is necessary." And, making a polite bow to the duchess, Pierry departed, leaving the duchess in a state of stupefied amazement and rage, easy to imagine, but utterly impossible to describe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EVACUATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The rebels have evacuated Harper's Ferry. They burned down the bridge across the Potomac, about a mile above the Ferry, and the bridges crossing at Martinsburg and Sheppardstown were also set on fire. The Government buildings were in conflagration at last accounts, the machinery having been removed into the interior a few days ago. All the batteries and troops have been withdrawn from the Maryland side. Fearing a sudden attack the rebels threw eight car loads of provisions into the river. The garrison, to the number of between ten and twelve thousand, marched to Leesburg and Winchester, thus indicating that their destination is probably Manassas Junction, where, no doubt, a grand stand will be made. The Ferry is now occupied by United States troops. General Patterson's division and Colonel Stone's command are both at or near it.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Latest advices from Fort Monroe state that the rebels are landing in considerable force at a point some seven miles above Newport News, on the same side of the river, and an attack from that quarter is looked for daily. A skirmish is reported as having taken place on Sunday morning, between three companies sent out from Newport News to capture some cattle belonging to the rebels. The men were fired upon by a company of Virginia light horse, and three of them were wounded, but they succeeded, nevertheless, in the undertaking, and brought the cattle to camp. The most important item of intelligence, however, is in reference to the experiment with Sawyer's American rifled cannon, mounted at the Rip Raps. The trial of this tremendous engine of destruction was attended with the most complete success, and must have slightly astonished the rebels at Sewall's Point, which was found to be clearly within range. Several shells were thrown within a short distance of the rebel camp there, and one of them exploded immediately over their intrenchments. There has been no further fighting at or near Great Bethel.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GENERAL BUTLER.

Fortress Monroe and its vicinity continue to be strengthened by the arrival of additional troops. Fifteen additional regiments are expected there, among which are an efficient corps of artillery from Fort M'Henry, and a regiment of mounted riflemen, whose services will be found highly valuable to act against the Virginia light cavalry. When these regiments arrive at the fortress the lines will be extended several miles farther from that point.

A PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR JACKSON.

Governor Jackson, of Missouri, last week issued a proclamation which fully exhibits his desire to precipitate that State into secession, if any doubts of that fact had previously existed. After reciting various acts of the Federal authorities nullifying the legislation of the State, such as taking State troops prisoners, and putting an embargo on Southern commerce, and reciting the agreement between General Harney and ex-Governor Sterling Price, with the subsequent removal of Harney, and his own recent interview with General Lyon, etc., Governor Jackson calls for 50,000 men, to be enrolled as State troops, to repel the invasion of their soil by the United States troops, and drive them out of the State. He admits that Missouri is still a member of the United States, and that it is not for him to disturb that relation; that a Convention would, at the proper time, express the sovereign will of the people in relation to it; that in the mean time it was the duty of the people to obey the constitutional requirements of the United States Government; but he advises them that their first allegiance is due to the State.

FLIGHT OF THE GOVERNOR.

After assuming this proclamation Governor Jackson and staff, together with all the disunionist troops, left Jefferson City, it is supposed for Boonesville or some point in that locality, burning two railroad bridges behind them.

At last accounts the Governor was still on the run, with no certainty where he would end his race, particularly as a few Federal troops were close at his heels. When the Governor left St. Louis he gave his word of honor to the President of the Pacific Railroad that the property of the road should not be harmed; but before he had been twelve hours gone he ordered the Gasconade and Osage bridges burned, thus destroying the usefulness of the road and giving a severe blow to the trade of St. Louis.

PURSUIT BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

The Federal troops, under General Lyon, in Missouri, meanwhile, moved toward the western part of that State. Several companies took up positions along the line of the Pacific Railroad. General Lyon and staff, with 1500 men, two sections of light artillery, horses and camp equipage, apparently intended for a long march, left St. Louis in a steamboat and occupied Jefferson City.

ANOTHER AFFRAY AT ST. LOUIS.

A strange and unfortunate affair occurred at St. Louis on 17th. A regiment of troops was passing through the city, when one company suddenly fired at the windows of a court-room, killing four men and wounding two others. The cause of the firing is not clear. One account says that a shot was fired from the court-room upon the troops, but the truth is not known.

BRILLIANT AFFAIR AT ROMNEY.

Another of those brilliant skirmishes which have marked the progress of the war so far has just taken place at Romney, a village twenty-two miles from Chambersburg. Colonel Lewis Wallace, with a portion of the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, left Cumberland for Romney on Tuesday, where some portion of the rebel forces were known to be posted. He surprised a body of 500 men, and after a hot fight routed them, killing two, wounding one, and taking several prisoners, together with a quantity of excellent camp equipage, provisions, and medical stores.

THE MARYLAND ELECTION.

The unconditional Union majority in Maryland over the peace party, the neutrality faction, the State rights supporters, the secessionists, the rebels, rowdies, and rioters, all combined, will exceed fifty thousand, or nearly five to one.

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

Important action was taken on 17th in the Wheeling Convention. The declaration recently presented by Mr. Dorsey, providing for the establishment of a Provisional Government, and, of course, deposing the traitors at Richmond, and their abettors, filling the offices throughout the State, was passed to a third reading, and adopted by a unanimous vote. An ordinance was also reported by Mr. Carlisle, from the Committee on Business, which provides for a reorganization of the Financial Bureau of the State.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

On 20th the special election for ten members of Congress will be held in Kentucky. The anti-secessionists are confident that at least nine good and true Union men will be chosen, and are hopeful that the entire delegation will be supporters of the stars and stripes.

BANK CONVENTION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A convention of delegates from the different banks of the seceded States met at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 3d inst. Resolutions were adopted recommending the banks to receive and pay out the bogus confederacy treasury notes; recommending all the railroad companies to do the same; advising the Legislatures of the different States to enact laws authorizing tax collectors to receive said notes, and recommending "all States, cities, and corporations, having coupons payable in the city of New York or elsewhere in the enemy's country," to appoint some place of payment in the Confederate States. The Convention will meet again in Richmond, on the 24th of July.

PERSONAL.

Col. Kelly, who led the brilliant attack at Philippi, in Western Virginia, a few days ago, is improving rapidly, and in a few weeks hopes to be able to take command of his troops again.

Col. Anderson is to be appointed a Brigadier-General.

A great Union meeting was held in Dover, Del., last week, over which Chancellor Harrington presided. A resolution was unanimously adopted calling on Senator Bayard to resign.

Andrew T. M'Reynolds is to command Carl Schurz's regiment. He served with honor in the Mexican War, being a captain in the 3d Dragoons, the body-guard of Scott.

Gen. Beauregard has issued a characteristic proclamation to the people of Manassas. Like all the rebel crew, his strong point is lying. He lies about the National troops, lies about their actions, lies about their motives, and crowns the whole by charging the monstrous falsehood that their war-cry is Beauty and Booty.

O. H. Browning has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Illinois Senatorial Delegation caused by the death of Mr. Douglas.

Captain Tyler of the Second Dragoons, Lieutenants Rundell, Andrew Jackson, Patterson, Rice, and Campbell have been stricken from the Army rolls for misconduct.

It is said that Mr. Burlingame will be sent as Minister to China, and Mr. Winter Davis probably to Austria.

Captain Ball and his secession cavalry, captured at Alexdria three weeks ago, were for some time confined at the Washington Navy-yard, and then released on their taking the oath of allegiance. When they returned to Virginia they were at once ordered to leave the State.

It is said that Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is to be offered a Major-Generalship.

It is stated that Senator Douglas died entirely destitute, and an appeal has been made by some prominent citizens of Chicago to raise sufficient funds to secure a suitable home for his widow and children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRIVATEERING QUESTION.

In the House of Commons, on the 3d of June, Mr. W. E. Forster asked the Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether her Majesty's Government would exercise the discretion which by the law of nations they possess, to prevent privateers sailing under the as yet unrecognized flag of the so-called Southern Confederacy from bringing their prizes into any port of Her Majesty's dominions. He added that he did not ask this question with regard to privateers sailing under the flag of the United States, simply because he had no expectation that any letters of marque would be issued by the United States Government.

Lord John Russell: My answer must be rather wider in extent than the question which has been put to me. The whole matter has been considered by Her Majesty's Government, and it has been determined, after consulting the law officers of the Crown, that orders should be given to interdict the ships of war and privateers of both parties from entering the ports and harbors of the United Kingdom, or of the colonies or dependencies of Her Majesty, with prizes. In order to make the matter more clear the House will perhaps allow me to read an extract from the dispatch which has been sent to the India Office and to the Governors of the colonies:

"Her Majesty's Government are, as you are aware, desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest between the United States and the so-styled Confederate States of North America. With the view more thoroughly to carry out that principle, we propose to interdict the armed ships, and also the privateers, of both parties from carrying prizes made by them into the ports, harbors, roadsteads, or waters of the United Kingdom or any of her Majesty's colonies or possessions abroad."

[Hear, hear.] The orders went out to the colonies on Saturday last, and they have gone to India to-day. I may also state that we have during the past week been in communication with the French Government upon this subject. I stated to the French Embassador the view taken by her Majesty's Government, and asked him what course the Government of France intended to pursue with regard to this subject. The French Embassador has informed me that the French Government propose to act in conformity with the existing law of France. That existing law is founded upon an ordinance passed in the year 1681; and the rule is that in case of a war in which France is neutral no privateers are allowed to bring their prizes into the ports or harbors of France or its dependencies for a longer period than twenty-four hours. They are not allowed to sell the cargoes, or in any way to dispose of the prizes which they have taken; and after the twenty-four hours have expired they are obliged to leave the port. Therefore the course pursued by France is not very different from that which we intend to adopt.

THE DECLARATION OF PARIS.

In the House of Commons, on the 3d of June,

Sir J. Pakington said,—I see that it is stated in the newspapers of to-day that the Government of the United States have expressed their intention to recognize the declaration of Paris of 1856. I wish to ask the noble lord at the head of the Foreign Office whether her Majesty's Government have received any such intimation from the Government of the United States; and, if so, what effect that will have upon the policy which her Majesty's Government have announced that it is their intention to pursue with regard to the belligerent rights of the Southern States?

Lord J. Russell.—The only answer which I can give to the right honorable gentleman is that propositions have been sent to America founded upon the declaration of Paris. Those propositions were made in concert with the French Government, and are restricted in concert with that Government. We have not as yet received any answer to those propositions. They have been gone, I should think, a fortnight, and I expect soon to receive some reply to them. Until that answer is received, I can not pledge the Government as to the course which they will pursue.

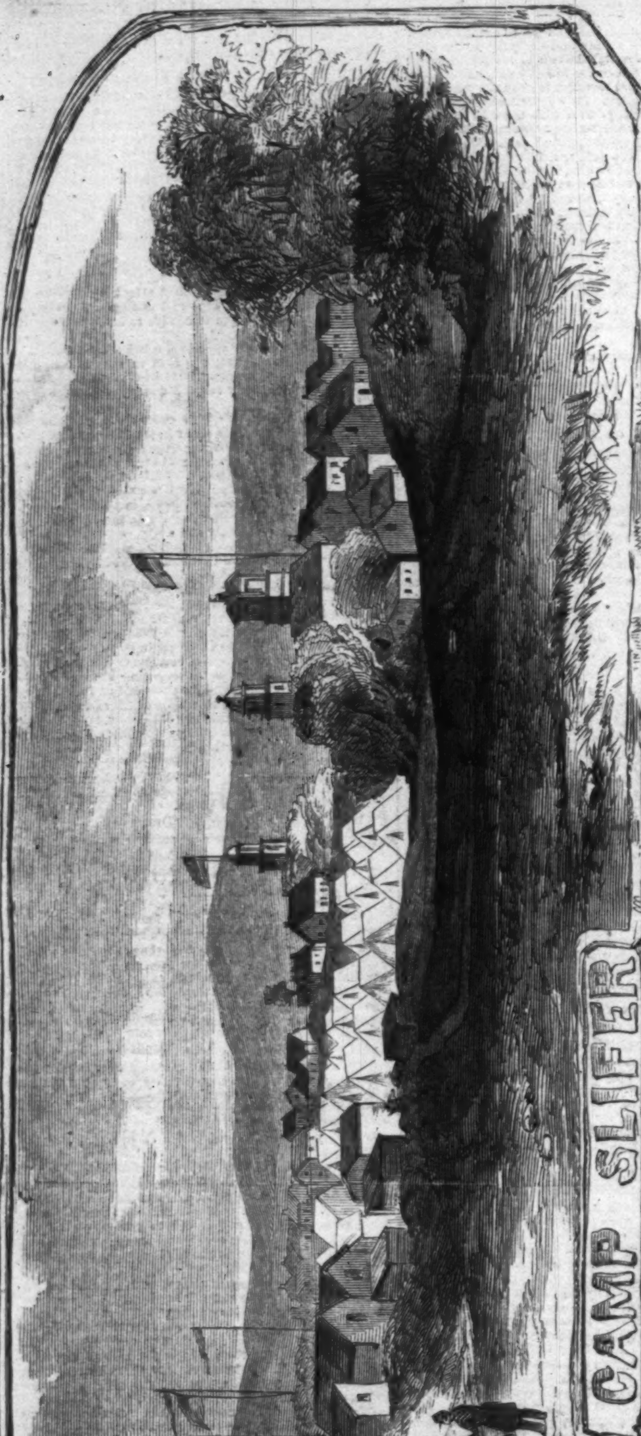
LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CANADIAN."

The screw steamship *Canadian*, belonging to the Montreal Steamship Company, running between Liverpool and Quebec, on the 4th inst., while outward-bound, run upon a field of sunken ice, eight miles south of Belle Isle, and sunk in about half an hour, causing the loss of from twenty to thirty lives. There were about two hundred people on board, including the crew, and one hundred and eighty were saved in boats, and have arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Although the vessel was divided into three compartments, she struck the ice in such a manner as to open them all. She was a fine new steamer, 2000 tons register, built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1860, of iron.

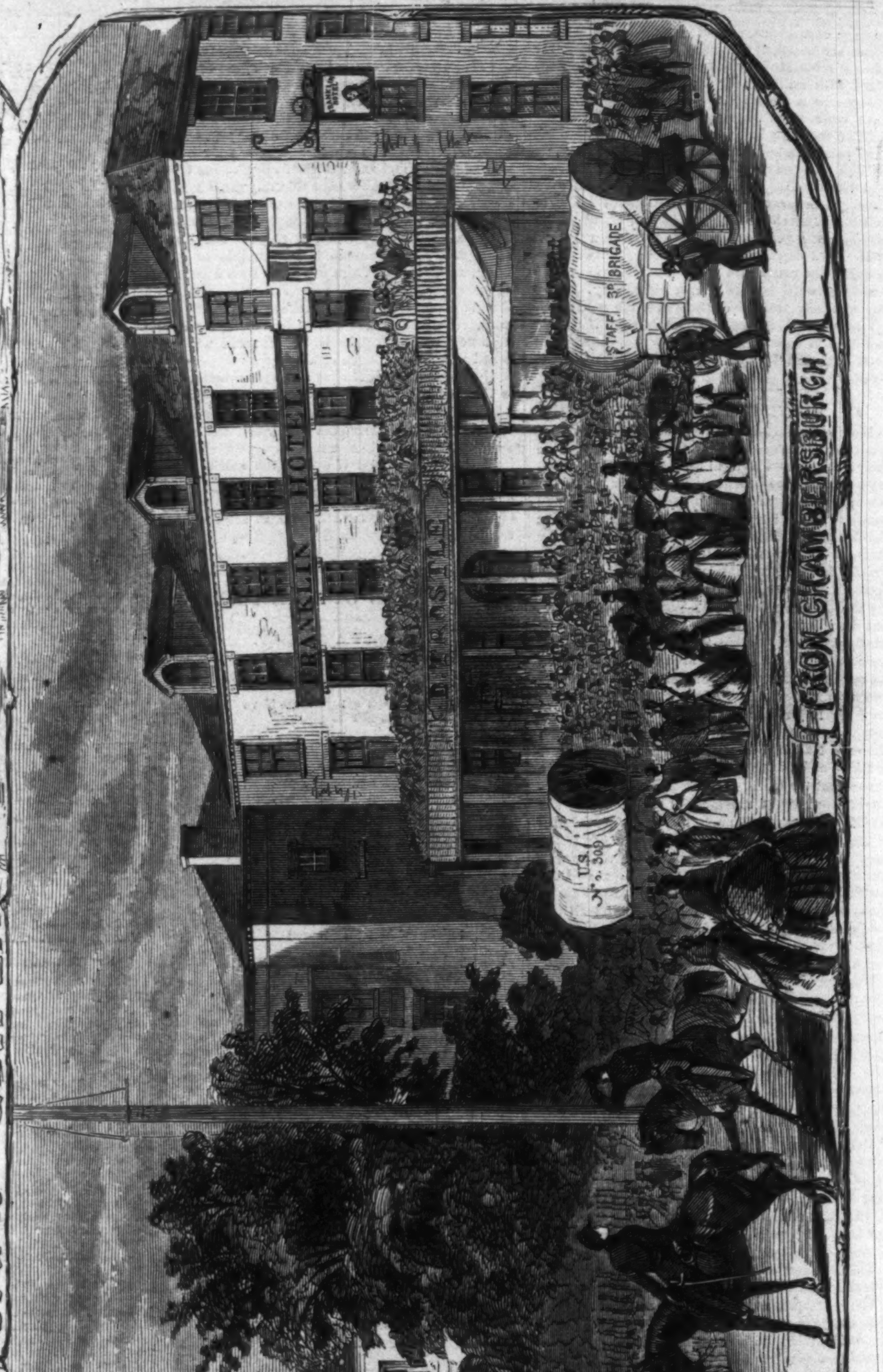
ITALY.

DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

The death of the minister who, in the space of nine years, has carried the prostrate monarchy of Piedmont to the rank of a first-class European power, is one of those events which, even in the pressure of our own critical circumstances, commands us to pause and pay our tribute of respect. Count Cavour died at Turin on the 6th instant, of congestion of the brain, arising from intense occupation, want of bodily exercise, and either too strong an appetite or else excessive indulgence in the pleasures of his well-appointed table. He had been bled six times before his death.



CAMP SLIFER


FRANKLIN HOTEL
STAFF 3rd BRIGADE
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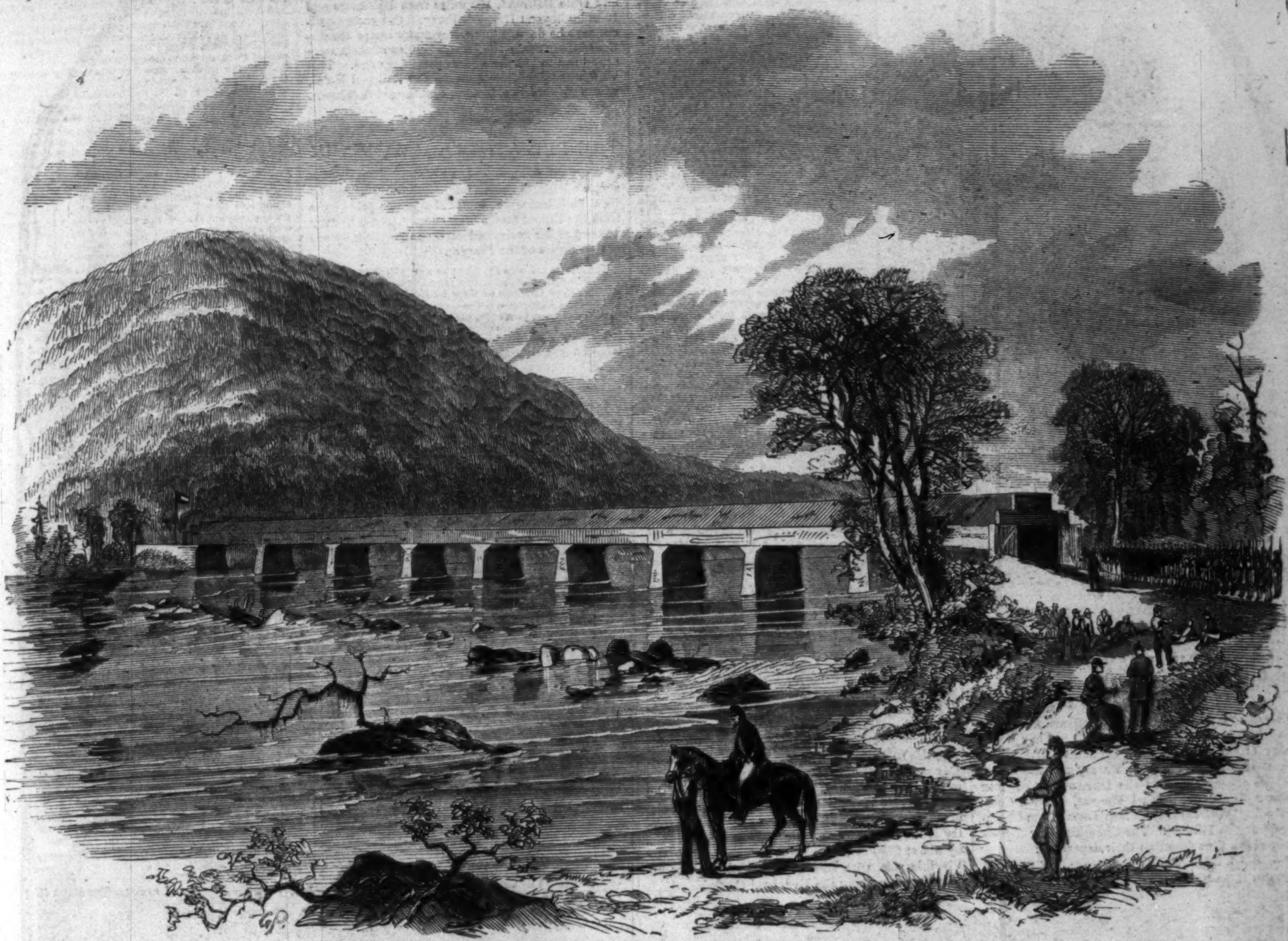
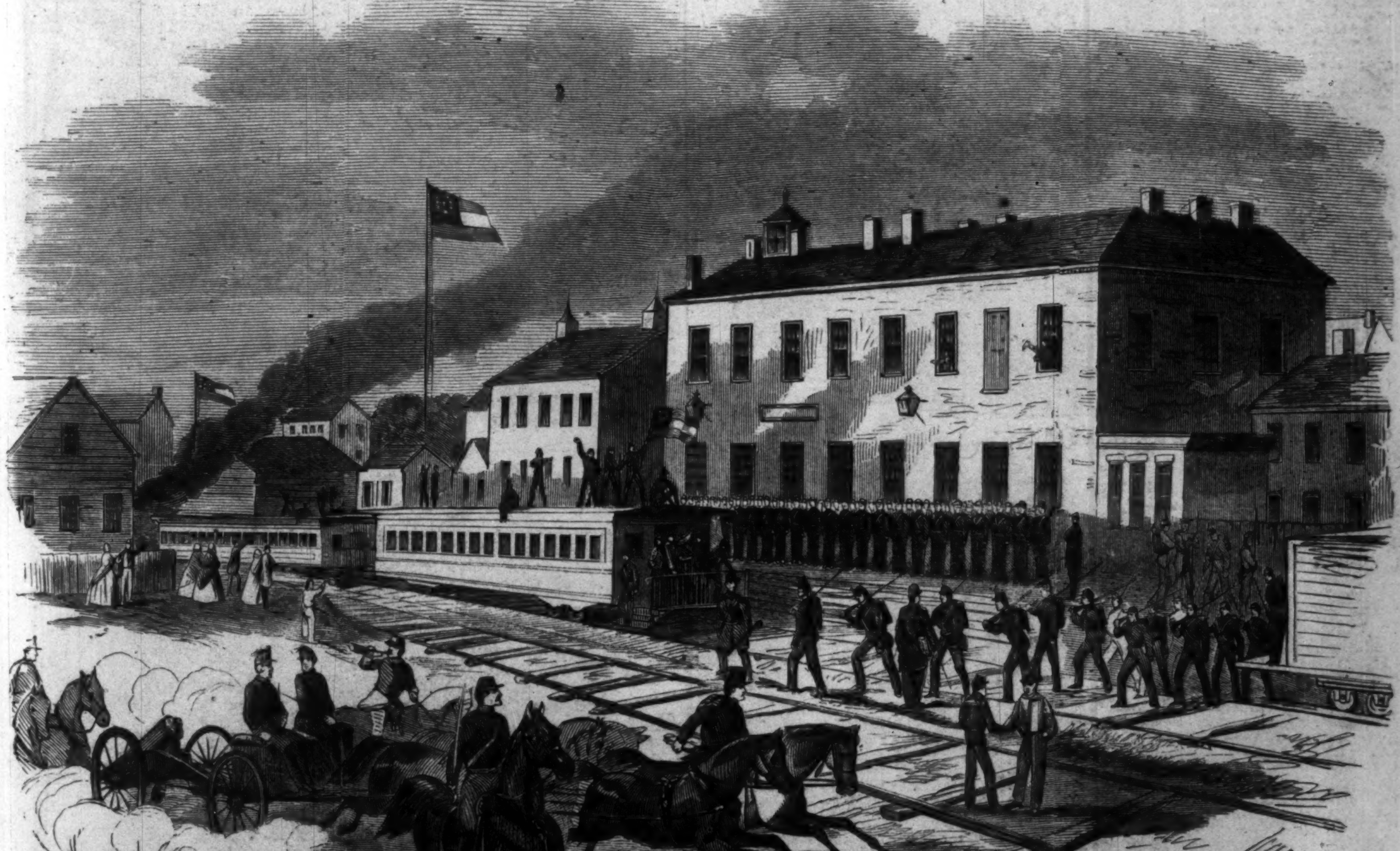
U.S. No. 130

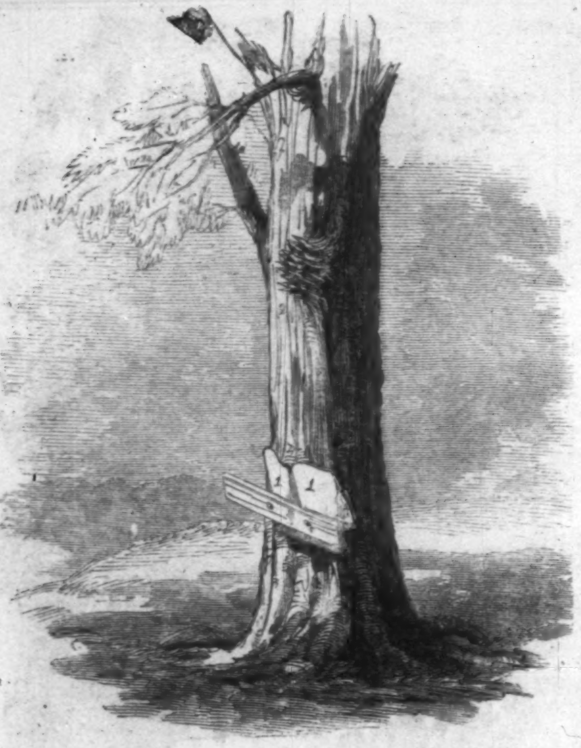
MARCH OF TROOPS FROM CHAMBERSBURGH.



LEESBURG BRIDGE, ON THE POTOMAC, BELOW HARPER'S FERRY, LATELY HELD BY THE VIRGINIANS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]



REBEL TROOPS ARRIVING AT AND DEPARTING FROM MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 406.]



WHIPPING-POST ON THE PREMISES OF MR. [illegible] NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY LEAVING CHAMBERSBURG.

WE have received from our Special Artist attached to the staff of General Williams the sketches which are published on page 404. They represent CAMP SLIFER, near Chambersburg, where most of General Patterson's army was assembled before the march; and the DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE (Colonel Thomas, U.S.A., Commanding) of General Patterson's army from Chambersburg on 7th inst. The Chambersburg *Repository* of 8th thus describes their departure:

> Yesterday morning about eight o'clock a considerable number of the soldiers who were quartered here took up the line of march for the South. The following, as well as we could ascertain, were those who left:
>
> Four companies of Cavalry, regulars, well mounted, and the first City Troop of Horse, of Philadelphia; two companies of artillery, acting as infantry, and two companies of regular infantry—the four last named under Captain Doubleday, of Fort Sumter; the 6th Regiment, Colonel Nagle; the 21st Regiment, Col. Ballier; the 23d Regiment, Colonel Dare; and Captain M'Mullin's Independent Rangers—the whole forming the first brigade, and are commanded by Colonel Thomas, of the regular army.
>
> Their appearance was excellent; their marching of the best order; and their carriage such as to assure all who witnessed their movements—and they were thousands, for every available spot was occupied by our people—that they were perfectly able to endure the fatigues of a long march. This brigade, being the first, will lead off in the contest that is shortly to take place, and their movements are watched by an eager community with deep interest.

REBEL ARMY AT HARPER'S FERRY.

AN enterprising correspondent has sent us sketches from which we have prepared the illustrations on page 405, representing the LEESBURG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, and the ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.

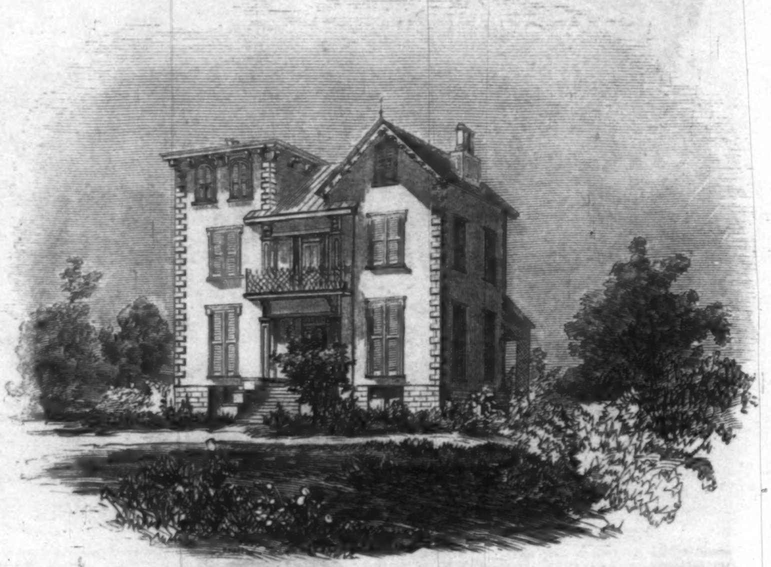
Leesburg Bridge crosses the Potomac River 13 miles below Harper's Ferry, connecting Maryland with Loudon County, Virginia, and is distant about 20 miles from the town of Leesburg. The river at this point is a quarter of a mile wide, and flows over a very rocky bed. The high land seen on the Virginia side is Bull Run Mountain, from the top of which a splendid view of the surrounding country is obtained. This position is at present held by about 2000 Secession troops, encamped on the Virginia side, with strong pickets thrown out for some distance along the Maryland shore.

A description of Martinsburg is hardly necessary. It is one of the principal stations on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 100 miles from Baltimore and 19 miles beyond Harper's Ferry. Our correspondent says he doesn't know how many troops are stationed there now; the greater portion of them were sent down to Harper's Ferry some days ago. This view was taken from opposite the Railroad Hotel, where the cars stop, looking east toward Baltimore.

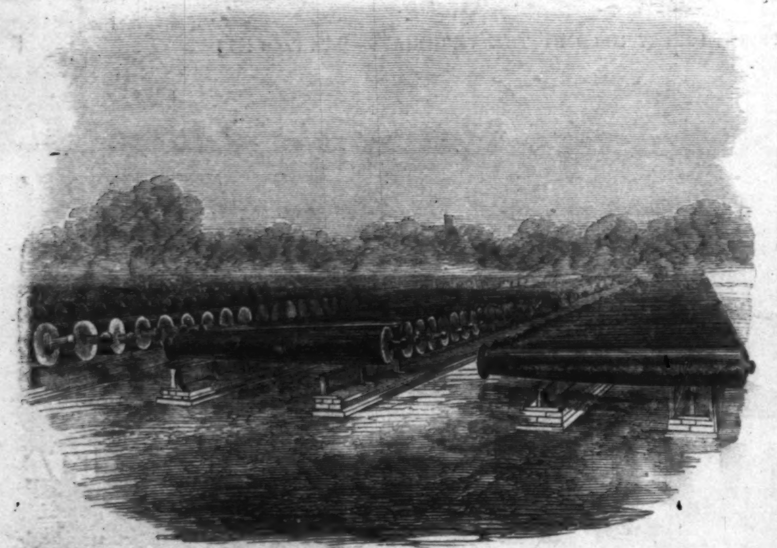
THE PRIVATEER "SAVANNAH."

WE publish on page 413 a picture of the *Savannah*, a Charleston privateer, taken into the port of New York last week, under charge of a prize crew from the United States brig *Perry*. The following account of her cruise and capture was given by one of the officers of the *Perry*:

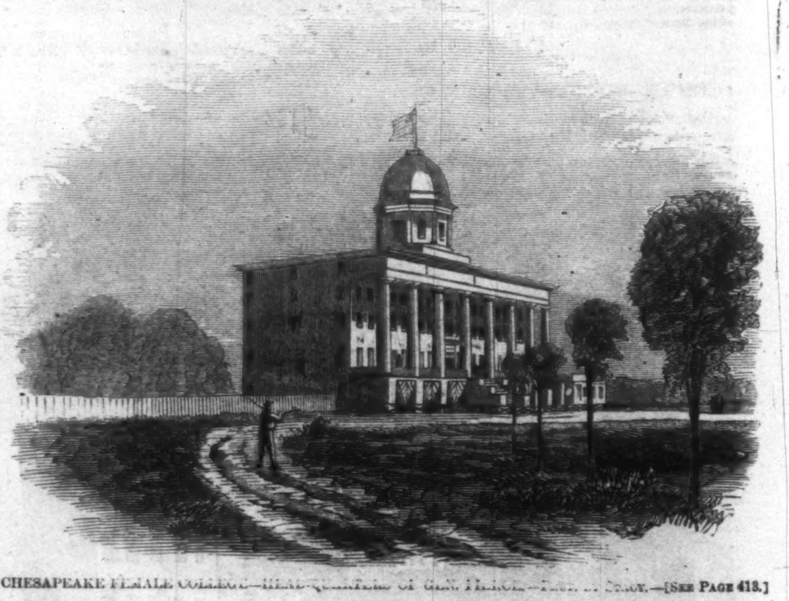
> The *Savannah* was fitted out as a privateer in Charleston. She was provided with a crew of twenty men. Two or three days previous to their falling into the hands of the Federal Government, the *Joseph*, of Rockland, loaded with sugar from Cardenas, Cuba, was fallen in with and captured. The captain of the *Joseph* was taken on board the privateer, and received the worst treatment. He was refused any of his property, and then stripped almost naked of the apparel which he had on. The privateer put eight men of her crew on board the prize, and transferred the crew of the *Joseph* to her own deck. The *Savannah* then left the prize vessel, giving orders to those on board to put into the nearest port belonging to the Confederate States. The *Joseph* soon after succeeded in reaching Georgetown, South Carolina. The *Savannah* accompanied them almost to Georgetown.
>
> After the privateer saw her prize safely ensconced in Georgetown, she put out in quest of some further material to practice upon in the way of merchant vessels, and happened to perceive the brig *Perry* in the distance, which she mistook for a merchantman, as she had her ports closed in order to deceive the advancing enemy. The *Savannah* pushed boldly forward to the attack, thinking that she had an easy prey, but when almost within shot distance she discovered that she had got into the clutches of one of Uncle Sam's emissaries, and immediately the order was given "bout ship," and the "bold privateer" showed the white feather, and tried to run. The *Perry* clapped on all sail, and gave hot pursuit. The chase was quite exciting. When the vessels came within range of each other's guns, a simultaneous fire was opened by both crafts, but no person was injured on either side. The shots of the *Savannah* had no effect whatever, they flying far athwart the bows of the ship, and taking every imaginable course but the right one, while on the contrary the attack of the United States vessel produced some havoc in the rigging of the enemy, two shots passing completely through her foresail and cutting away some of her ropes.
>
> The *Savannah* at last hove to, seeing no possible chance of escape, and was immediately boarded by the crew of the *Perry*. The naval officers at once rushed down into the cabin, and secured the papers, etc. No resistance was



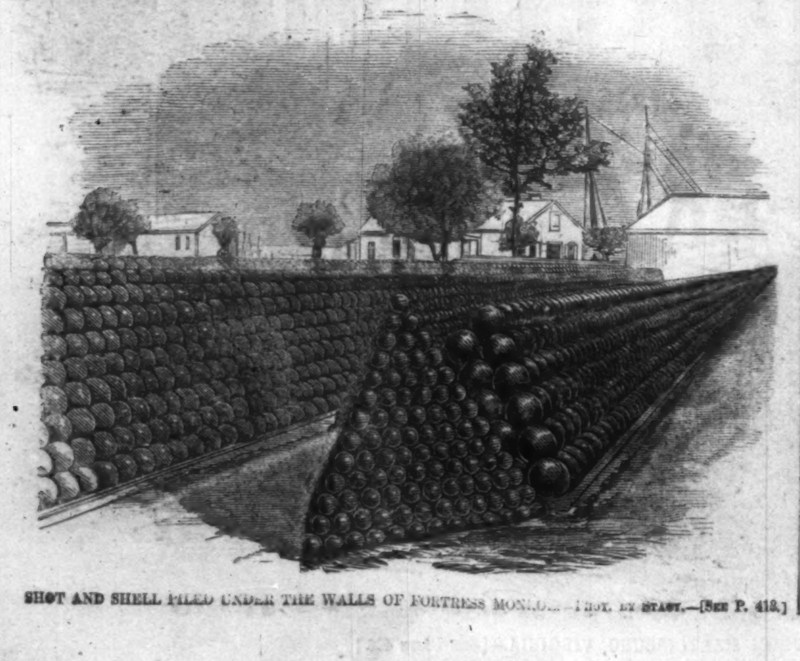
JOHN TYLER'S RESIDENCE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



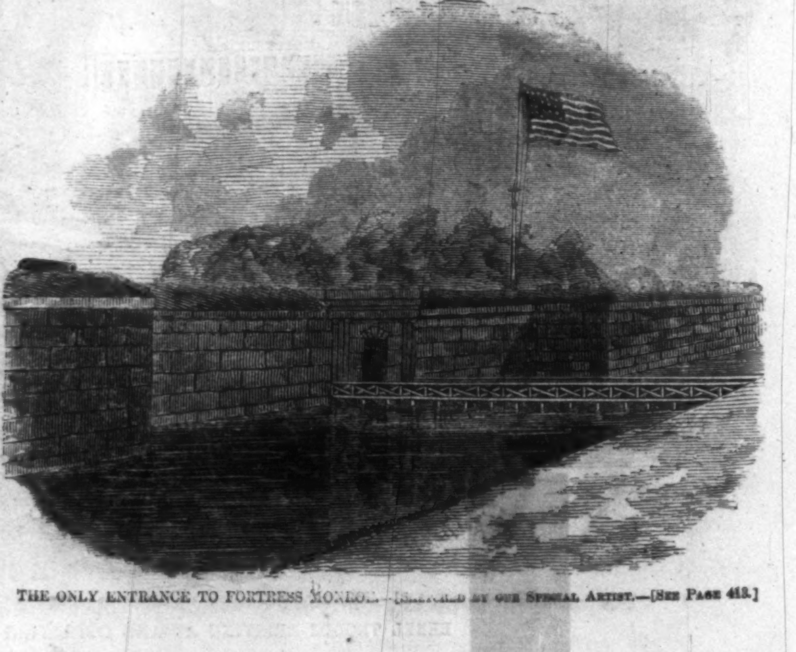
GUN-YARD UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



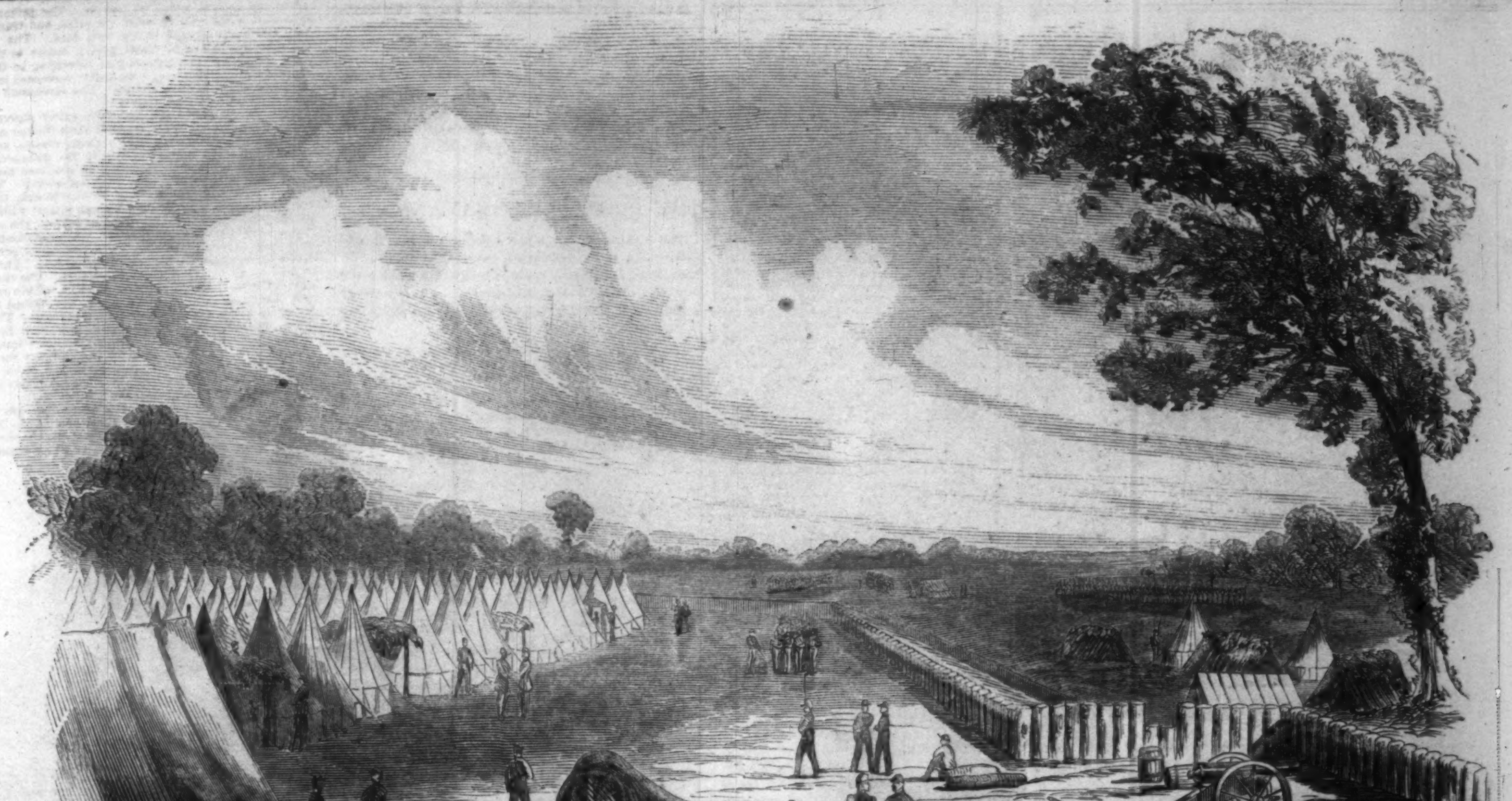
CHESAPEAKE FEMALE COLLEGE—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. PIERCE.—PHOT. BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



SHOT AND SHELL PILED UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOT. BY STACY.—[SEE P. 413.]



THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



CAMP OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT, NEWPORT NEWS, WITH STOCKADE AND EMBANKMENT.—Sketched by Surgeon Sanford.—[See Page 413.]

made by the pirates, as they believed "discretion to be the better part of valor." The crew were then all taken prisoners and brought on board, from whence they were transferred to the war vessel *Minnesota*, lying off Charleston bar. A prize crew of seven was then detailed for the privateer, and she was sent on to this city under charge of the Master's Mate, M'Cook.

RIFLE PIT FOR SENTINELS.

One of our artists sends us the sketch on page 413, with the following by way of explanation:

The practice of shooting down sentries has been denounced by all civilized nations as ultra barbarism even strong outposts remain undisturbed by enemies in war, on the humane and soldierly principle that such insignificant atoms of armies, tied, as it were, to their posts by the necessities of their position, serve no other end but useless murder by their destruction: hence the sentry is nearly as safe as the embassador. But an organized band of murderers, we hear, well acquainted with every cow-path and covert approach between Fairfax Court House and Alexandria, propose to shoot our men, Indian fashion, in detail. And under our present system of placing sentries, I confess, a crawling coward has the advantage of his upright foe. No cover can screen him from the assassin's bullet, no random fire avenge him, under existing practice in our service, especially at night. But I wish to draw your attention to a very simple plan to circumvent the prowlers, which the writer has seen practiced with complete success, and which I endeavor to illustrate in this night picture. If you place a sentry on an open plain he is a fair mark from the nearest rock or coppice; if near such rascals, or in a wood, he is sure to perish; but place him in a pit (the work of a few spades for half an hour) deep enough to involve him to the chin, and I will answer for his safety and efficiency!

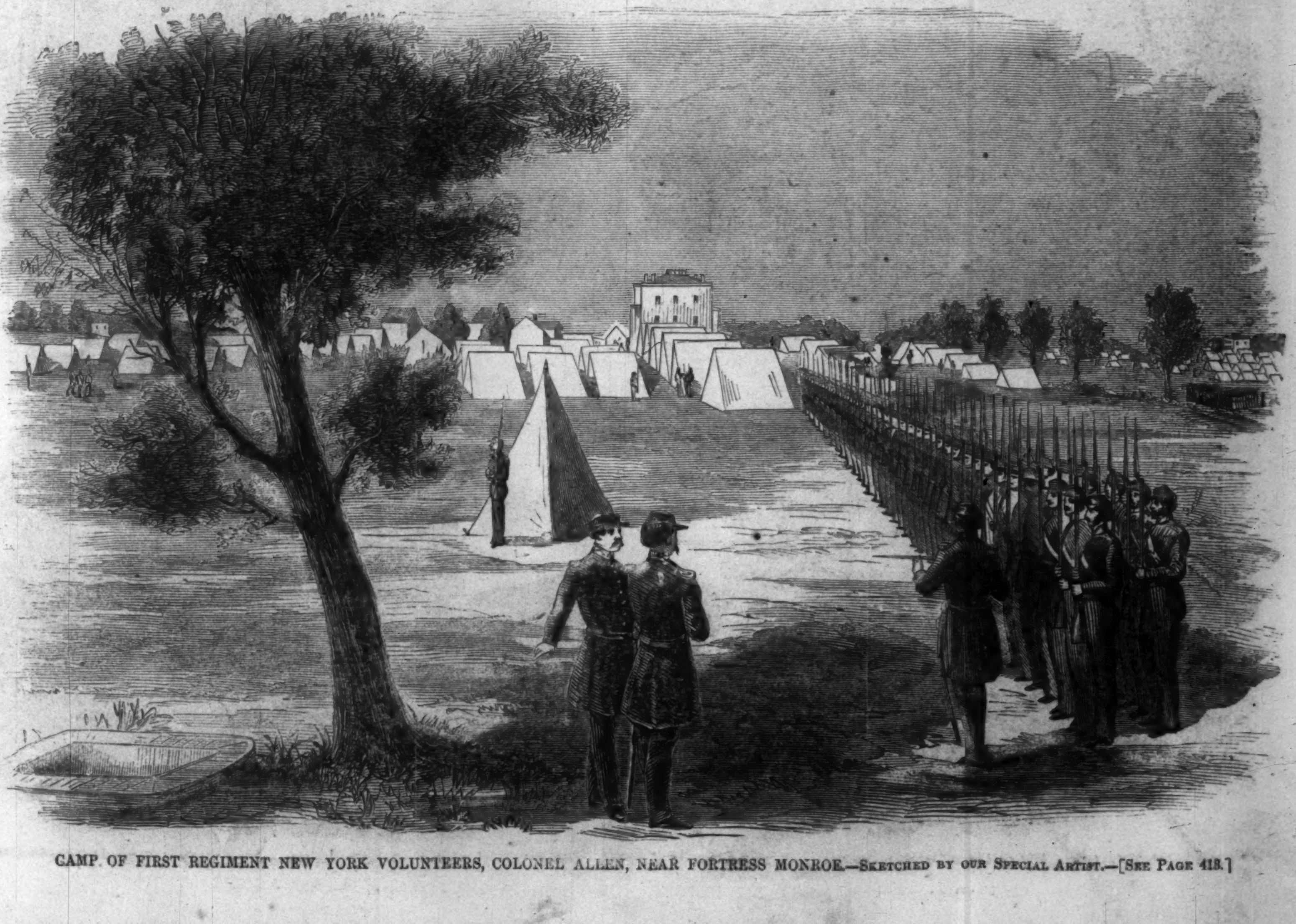
I do not mean a common rifle pit, for there the earth taken out is thrown up toward your foe, and your eye is consequently some distance above the level of the earth. Nor do I mean a *trou-de-loup* to entrap an incautious foe. But a simple pit, in shape like the letter T, of any size as to space, but about five feet in depth, and the removed earth either taken away or carefully distributed so as not to interfere with the surrounding level.

The effect of position, indeed the science of seeing, is very little understood; and this is one result. A kind of haze appears to ascend from the earth, spreading around every object on its surface an indescribable glow, and the darker the tree-tops the more perfect the luminousness. But the eye must be on a level with the earth, and some time accustomed to the natural darkness, as in the case of sentries.

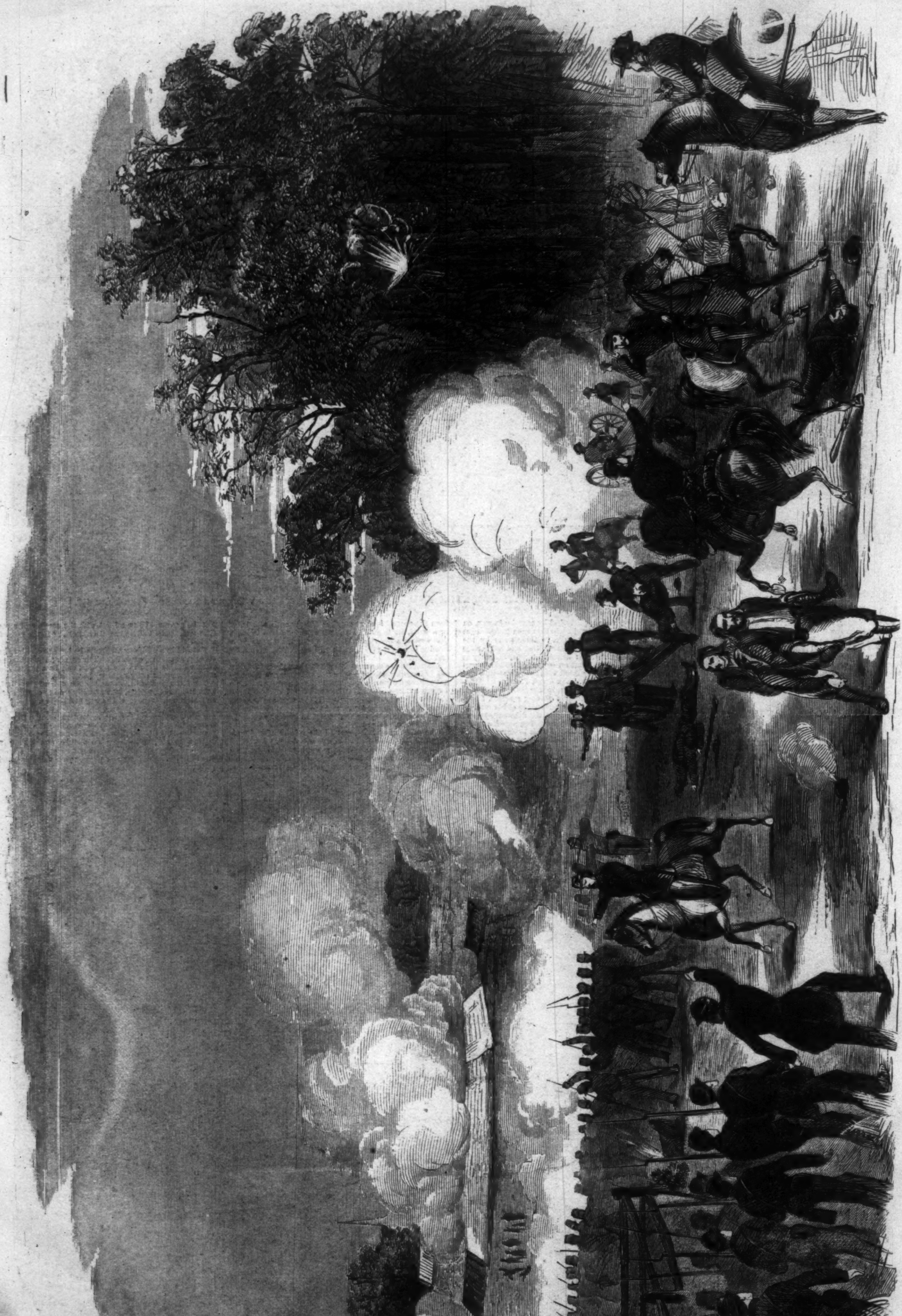
I should be glad if our soldiers, who have to civilize the chivalry, would give this fact a fair chance; it would save some valuable lives to the patriots, and be a mysterious stronghold against any number of assassins.

The best riflemen in Europe, the Sardinian Bersagtieri, have adopted this plan, and actually "go to earth" even on a reconnoisance, as at Kamarg and Baidar.

I have tried to give you a night view of the pit and its occupant, the ground in front, and a dark forest in the distance, with the luminous effect surrounding the crawling figure near the tree on the left of the sentry, without any attempt at making an effective picture, and with only enough of exaggerations to define my recollection. I know you will give the suggestion a place in your valuable newspaper.

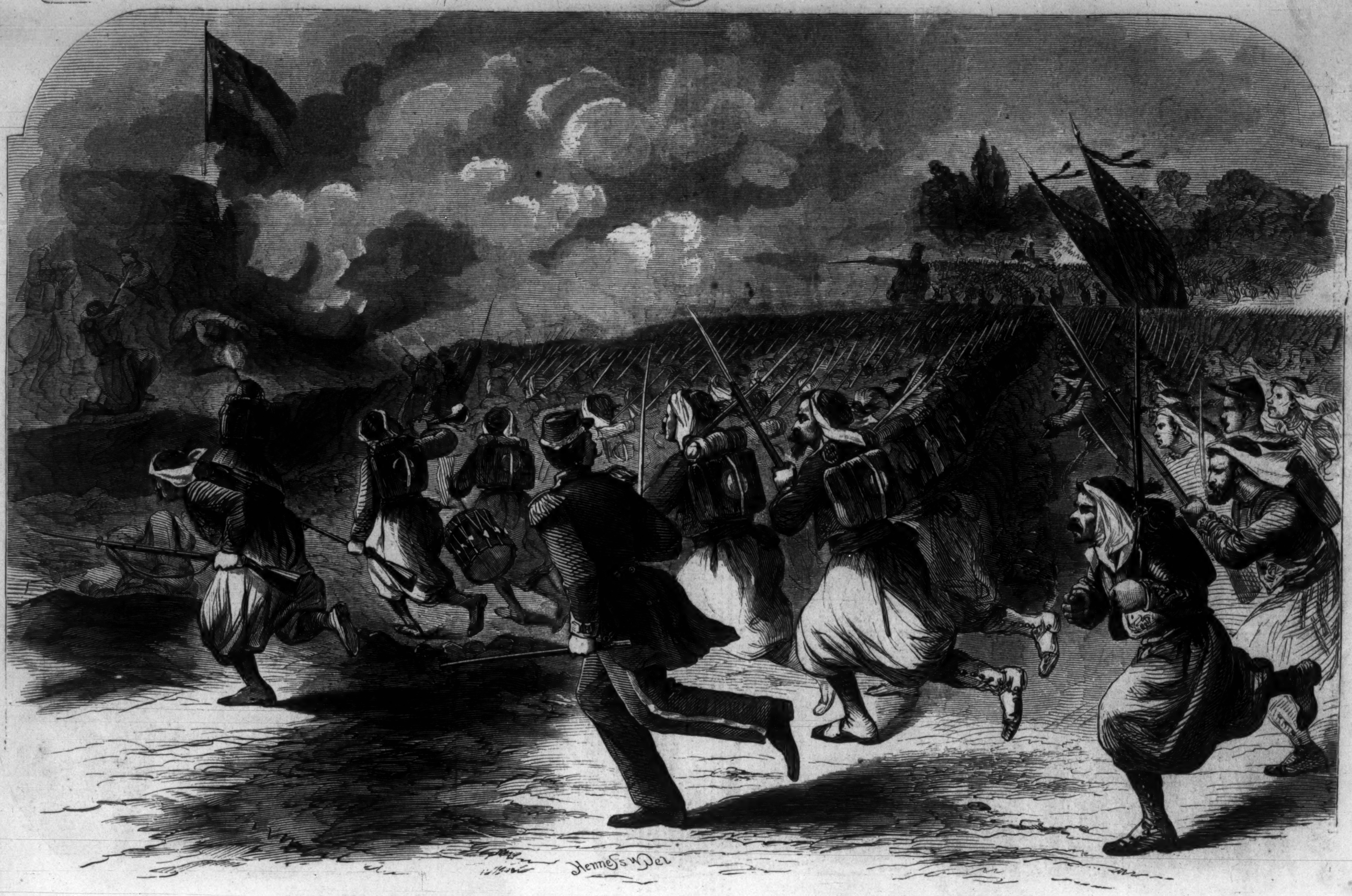


CAMP OF FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL ALLEN, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 413.]

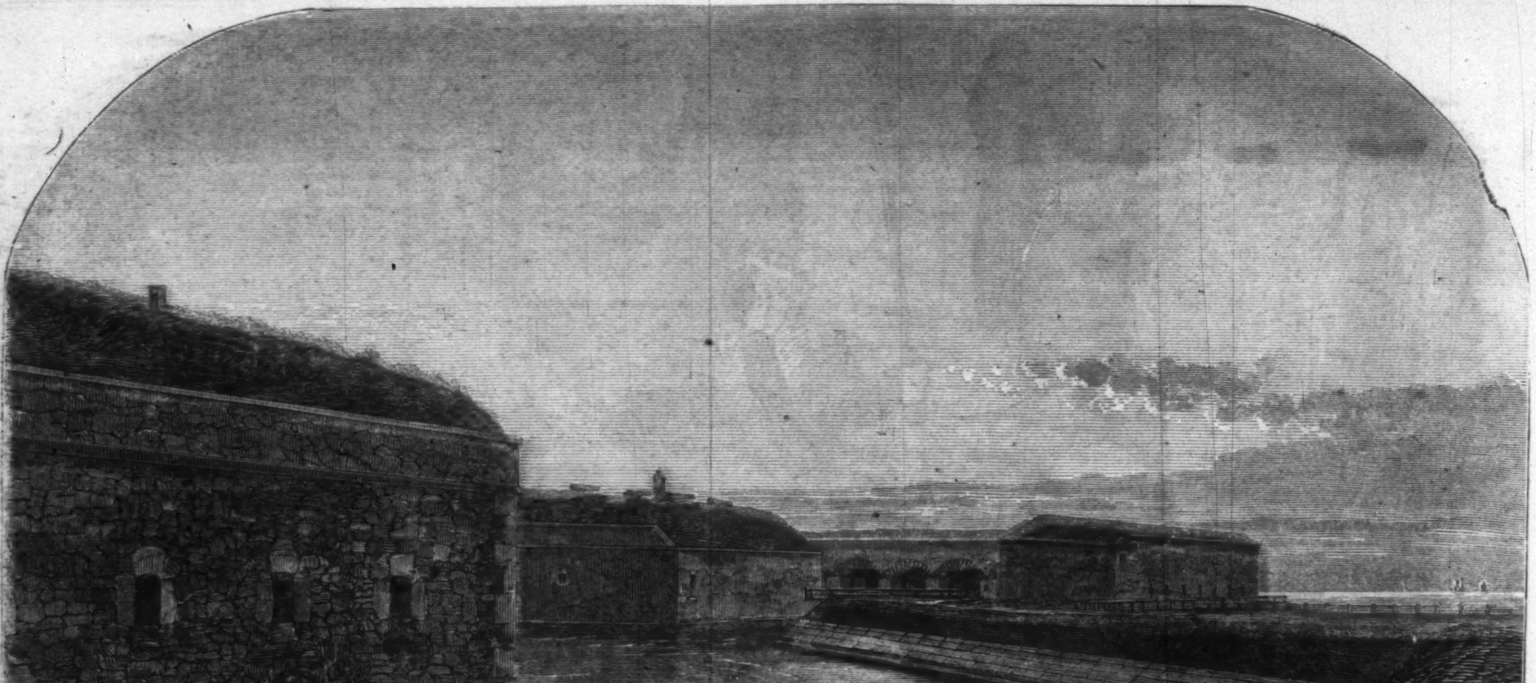


THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—Sketched by our Special Artist, who was present throughout the Fight.—[See Page 413.]

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICH



CHARGE OF DURYEE'S ZOUAVES (FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS) AT THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—[See Page 413.]



MOAT AND SEAWARD FACE OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY AT CAIRO.

WE continue our series of engravings of our army at Cairo with three illustrations on page 411; to wit, two of the BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE, and a third representing the LANDING OF THE FOURTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT CAIRO. All three are from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot.

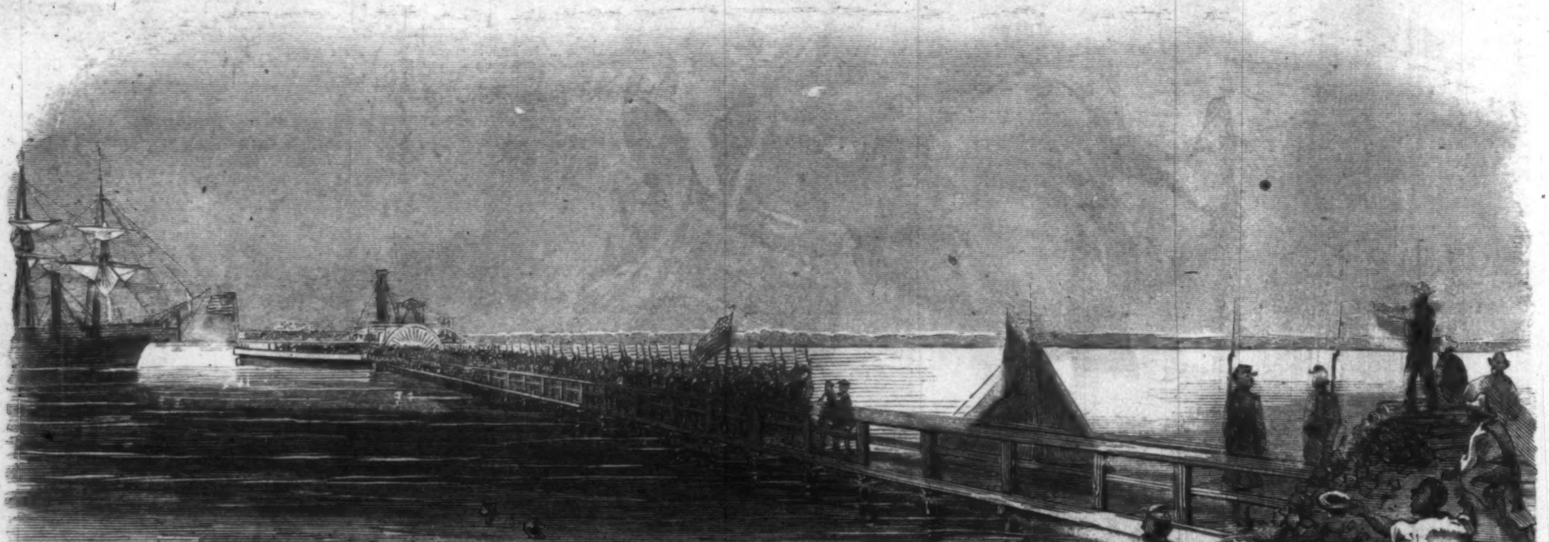
The batteries speak for themselves, and need no explanation. The Fourth, Colonel Cook, and the Twelfth Colonel M'Arthur, were conveyed to Cairo in the *City of Alton* and *Louisiana* steamers, and made a very fine appearance. Our correspondent writes us as follows about the camp at Cairo, under date of June 9:

There are now about 8000 men in and about Cairo and Bird's Point. Some 3000 are in barracks at the Point, which has been named Camp Defiance, and latterly have been busily employed in removing obstructions and erecting substantial fortifications. All their heavy cannons are now mounted and apparently ready for mischief. Directly above them, near the Mississippi levee, the Seventh and Twelfth regiments are encamped, and still above them is Camp B[illegible]ker, an encampment of cavalry, Camp Houghtling, and Camp Smith, light artillery. The last three have romantic locations, being fairly embowered in trees, rendered musical by the deliciously-tuned voices of birds and myriads of mosquitoes. Above the city, on the Ohio levee, is an encampment of light artillery under Captain M'Allister. A company of light artillery from Chicago, under command of Captain Taylor, are quartered at the Illinois Central Railroad Freight Dépôt. They brought down with them quite a number of cannon, which are now displaying their teeth from the river front of the building. At various points on the Illinois Central Railroad there are several regiments encamped, and so easy of access that, should circumstances require, the farthest could be brought to this point in a day. The programme set forth a few days since, that an army of 80,000 would be concentrated here, seems apparently about to be realized. Within the last week between 3000 and 4000 men have arrived here, and several thousand, I understand, are expected this coming week.

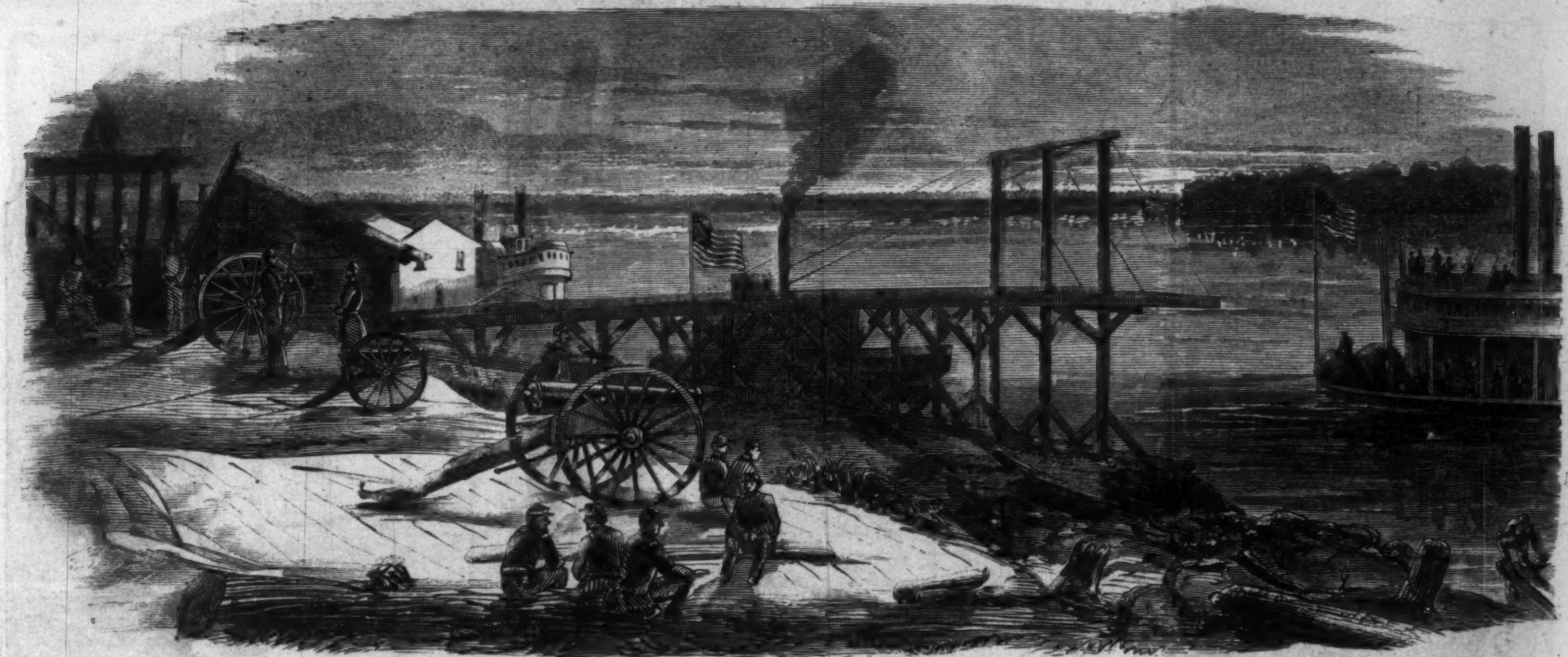
How General Prentiss manages traitors the following anecdote will tell:

A company belonging to General Prentiss's command captured part of an organized band of rebels, and brought them into camp. General Prentiss asked them if they would take the oath, when three consented to do so, and seventeen refused. The General then rose in the presence of the whole party, and addressed them as follows:

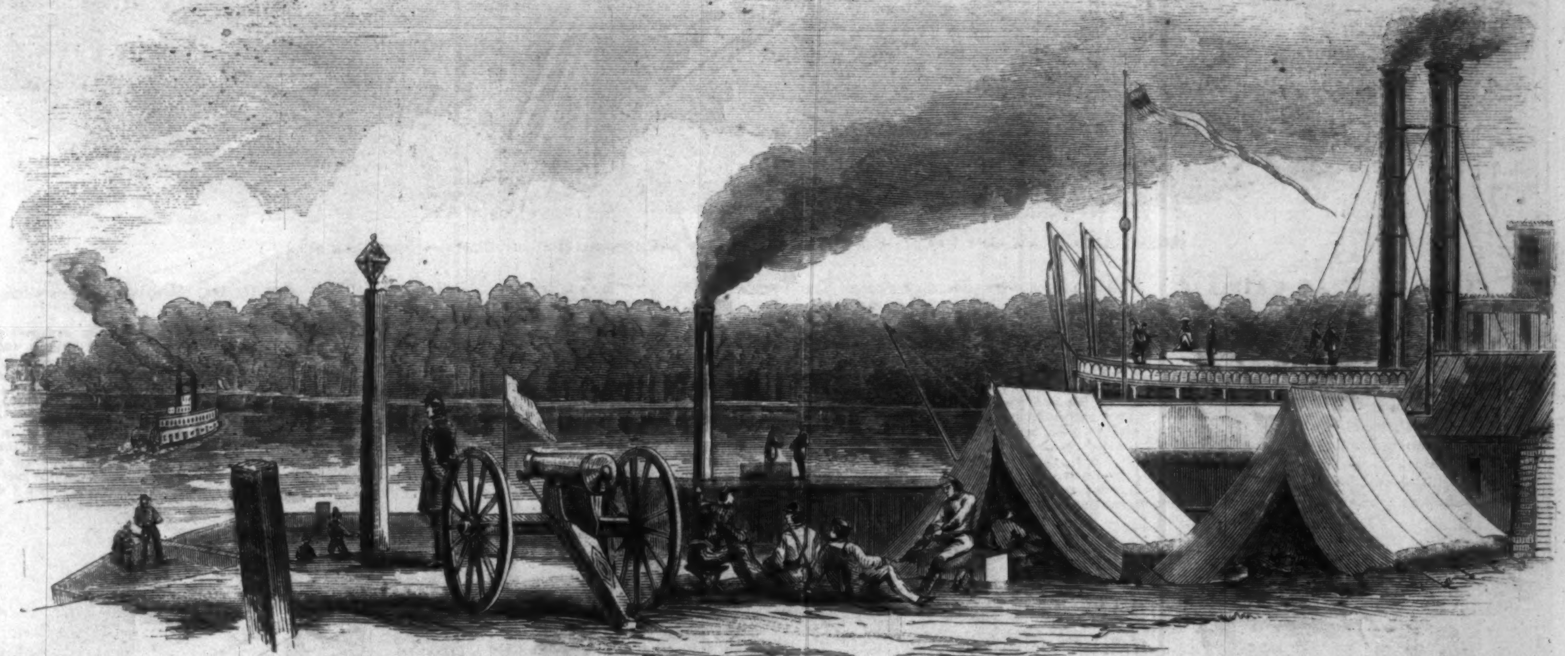
"Go home," said he to the three loyal ones, "raise to-morrow morning the flag of the Union, of your country; load up your weapons and shoot the first man that tries to pull it down. As for these traitors they will be set to-morrow to work wheeling dirt, and shall be kept at it until I get the balance of the witnesses; then I shall send them to St. Louis to be tried for treason."



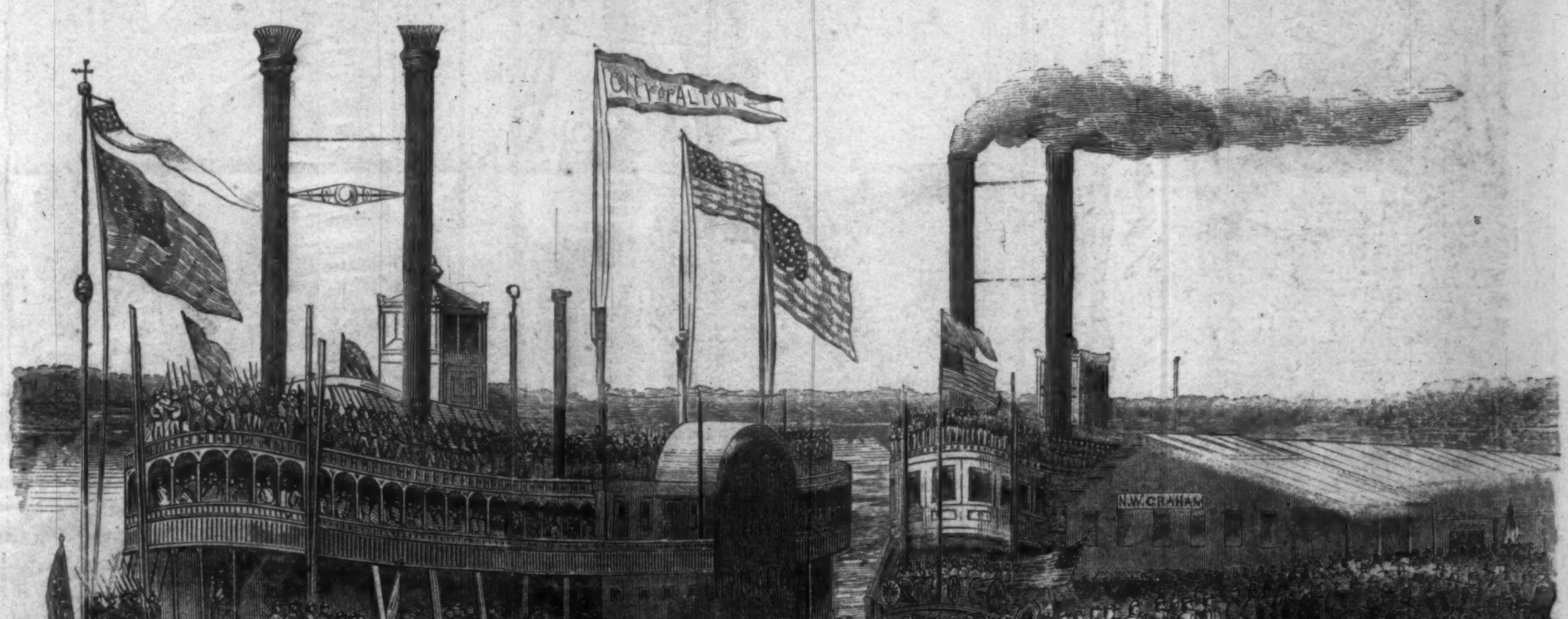
LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD AT NEWPORT NEWS, AT 7 A.M. ON JUNE 7.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



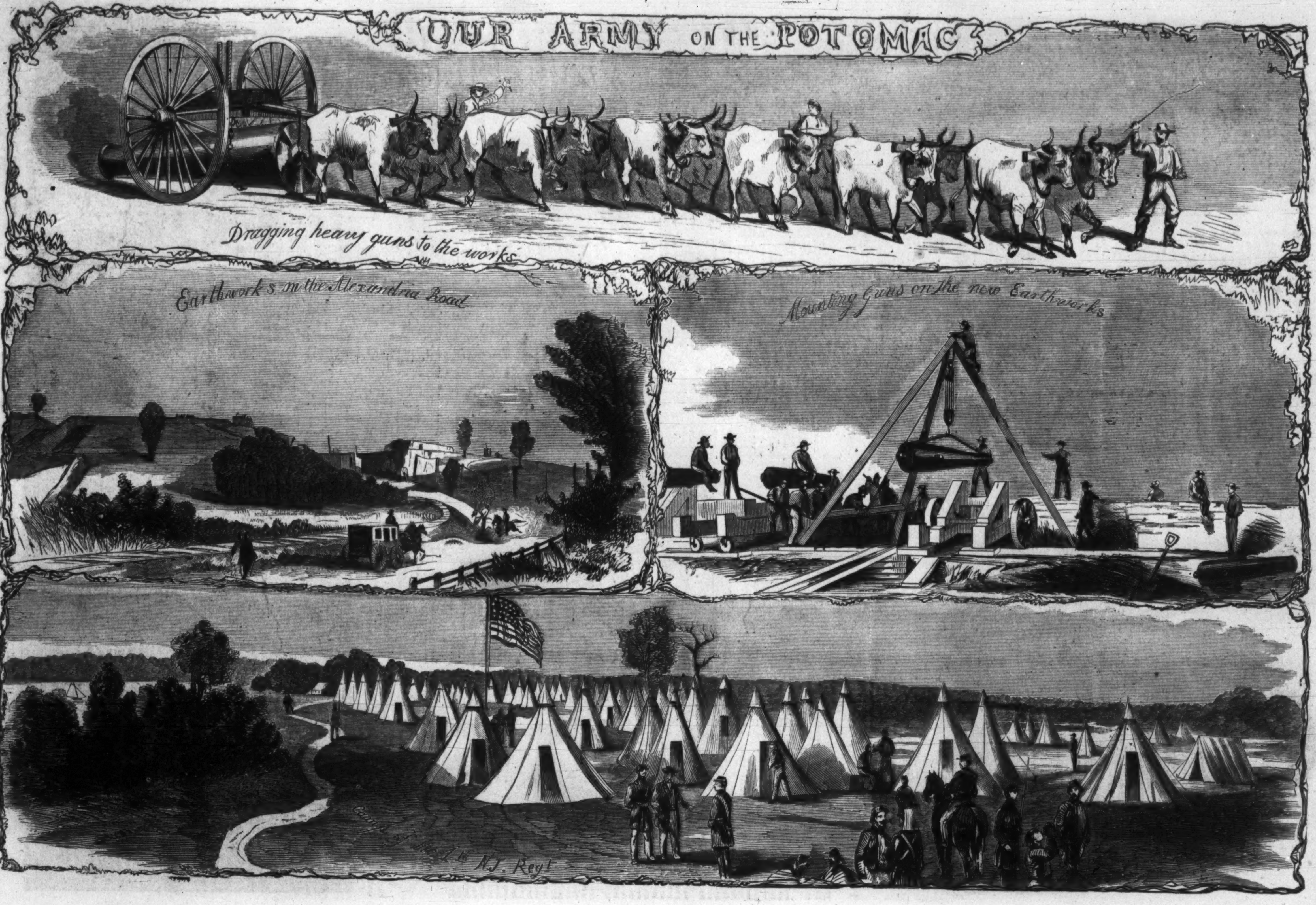
BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE AT CAIRO.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 410.]



BATTERY ON THE OHIO LEVEE, USED FOR ORDERING STEAMERS TO.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 410.]



LANDING OF THE SEVENTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS AT CAIRO, JUNE 4, 1861.—Sketched by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 410.]



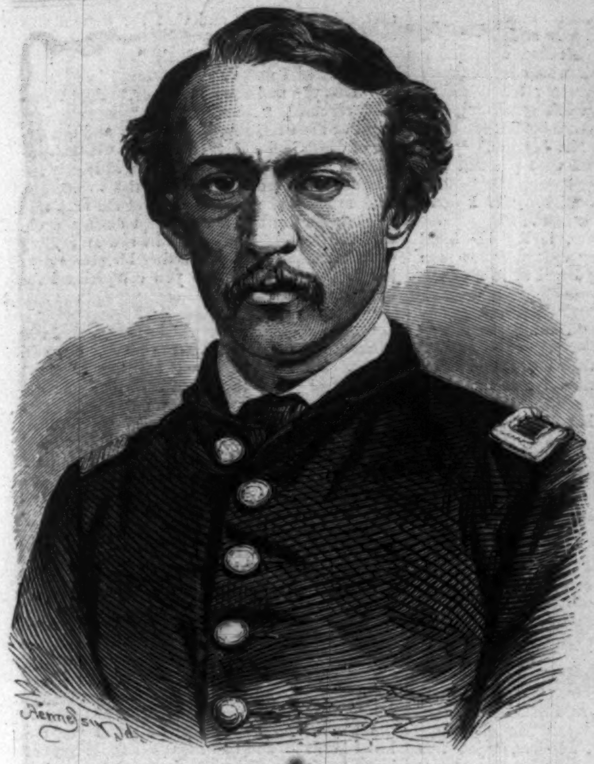
OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC

Dragging heavy guns to the works

Earthworks on the Alexandria Road

Mounting Guns on the new Earthworks

Camp of the 1st N.J. Regt



THE LATE LIEUTENANT GREBLE, U.S.A.—[Photographed by Willard.]

THE LATE LIEUT. GREBLE, U.S.A.

We publish herewith a portrait of this gallant young hero, from a photograph kindly furnished by his family. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following sketch of his life:

Lieutenant John T. Greble was a native of Philadelphia, and was the son of Edwin Greble, Esq. He passed examination in the Ringgold Grammar School at the age of twelve, as a candidate for the High School, at which latter institution he graduated at the age of sixteen. From the High School Mr. Greble went, under the nomination of the Hon. Lewis C. Levin, to the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated high in his class on the 1st of July, 1854, taking his place in the army as a brevet Second Lieutenant. In September of the same year he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy on the 3d of March, 1857.

After receiving his first commission, Lieutenant Greble was stationed for a few months at Newport Barracks, but was soon called to active service in Florida, to aid in protecting the inhabitants of that State from the depredations and murders of the much dreaded band of Seminoles under Billy Bowlegs. He served several years in this war, remaining until his regiment came home. His next service was upon the Academical Staff at West Point, as one of the Professors. In October, 1860, he was ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he was stationed until the 26th of May, 1861, at which time he went with his artillery command to the advanced post at Newport News.

The sad termination of his brief but promising military career is told in the sorrowful intelligence made public yesterday. He was born in January, 1834, and was killed while gallantly heading his command in battle, on the morning of June 10, 1861, aged twenty-seven years. The particulars of this engagement show that the United States troops while advancing on Great Bethel were attacked by a masked rebel battery of forty rifled cannon, and that Lieutenant Greble was consequently ordered to bring up his guns. This movement he effected with great promptitude, and fired a number of shots, but without effect, in consequence of the commanding position of the enemy. A retreat was therefore rendered necessary. In making arrangements for the withdrawal of his guns, Lieutenant Greble was struck on the forehead and killed instantly. As an officer he bore the highest character. He was every inch a thorough-bred American soldier—skilled, brave, active, and efficient. In private life he was a gifted and accomplished gentleman, and every where he was beloved and esteemed.

OUR ARMY AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of the Battle of Great Bethel, and the movements of our army at and near Fortress Monroe. On page 408 we publish, from a sketch by our Special Artist, who was present throughout the fight, a general view of the Battle of Great Bethel; and on page 409 a fine picture of the Charge of Duryee's Zouaves upon the rebel battery. On page 406 we give pictures of the Gun-yard at Fortress Monroe, the Rows of Shot and Shell piled up ready for use at that work; John Tyler's House, now occupied by Federal troops; The Female College, also occupied by our troops—all from photographs by Mr. Stacy; the Entrance to the Fort, and a Whipping-post on an estate near the Fort, from sketches by our Special Artist. On page 407 we give a view of the Camp of the Vermont Regiment at Newport News, from a sketch by Surgeon Sanborn of that Regiment; and a picture of Colonel Allen's Camp, at the same place, from a sketch by our Special Artist. On page 410 we present a view of one of the faces of Fortress Monroe, showing the Glacis and Ditch, from a photograph by Mr. Stacy; and a picture of the Landing of the Scott Life-Guard at Newport News on the 7th inst., from a sketch by our Special Artist. On this page we give a picture of a Gun bent Double by a cannon-ball in the hands of a United States soldier at the Battle of Great Bethel, from a photograph by W. H. Weaver. The next shot from the same gun took off the man's head.

Of the Battle of Great Bethel the following brief account must suffice at present:

About midnight Colonel Duryee's Zouaves and Colonel Townsend's (Albany) regiment crossed the river at Hampton by means of six large batteaux, manned by the Naval Brigade, and took up the line of march, the former some two miles in advance of the latter. At the same time Colonel Bendix's regiment, and detachments of the Vermont and Massachusetts regulars at Newport, moved forward to form a junction with the regulars from Fortress Monroe at Little Bethel, about half-way between Hampton and Great Bethel. The Zouaves passed Little Bethel about 4 A.M. Colonel Bendix's regiment arrived next, and took a position at the intersection of the roads. Not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the morning, fired upon Colonel Townsend's column, marching in close order, and led by Lieutenant Butler, son and aid of General Butler, with two pieces of artillery. Other accounts say that Colonel Townsend's regiment fired first. At all events the fire of the Albany regiment was harmless, while that of the Germans was fatal, killing one man and wounding seriously two others, with several other slight casualties. The Albany regiment, being back of the Germans, discovered from the accoutrements left on the field that the supposed enemy was a friend. They had in the mean time fired nine rounds with small-arms and a field-piece.

At daybreak Colonel Allen's and Colonel Carr's regiments moved from the rear of the fortress to support the main body. The mistake at Little Bethel having been ascertained, the buildings were burned, and a Major, with two prominent secessionists, named Livery and Whiting, were made prisoners. The troops then advanced upon Great Bethel, in the following order; namely, the Zouaves, Colonel Bendix, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, Colonel Allen, and Colonel Carr. At that point our regiments formed, and successively endeavored to take a large masked secession battery. The effort was futile, our three small pieces of artillery not being able to cope with the heavy rifled cannon of the enemy, according to some accounts being thirty in number. The rebel battery was completely masked, so that no men could be seen, but only the flashes of the guns. There were probably less than a thousand men behind the batteries of the rebels.

A well-concerted movement might have secured the position; but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the Troy regiment stood for an hour exposed to a galling fire, when an order to retreat was at last given; but at that moment Lieutenant Greble, of the United States Army, and in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon-ball and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command.

Our artist writes us as follows:

Camp Dix, June 11, 1861.

I send you sketches and a diagram of the battle. On Sunday evening I went about three miles on foot on a scouting party. On our return we found our regiment forming into line to attack a rebel battery. I immediately started off again with them. After marching out to Hampton without supper we were halted, and received orders to return to camp, where we arrived at four o'clock A.M. At six o'clock we were again called to take up the line of march. No time for breakfast. We marched through the broiling sun twelve miles to Great Bethel, where we had the fight. I went into the thickest of it. Men were cut down at my side. We lost the battle, through the mismanagement of General Pierce. We were obliged to retreat: many of our men fell off with fatigue and sunstroke. We arrived home in the evening. We had hardly got to sleep when we were again called to arms, as the enemy were moving toward our camp. I have had no sleep since Saturday night.

The rebel battery was manned by about 1500 men, with about thirty pieces of cannon, mostly rifled, and two mortars. The arms these men have are the best quality; the muskets are the rifled musket. I do not think the rebels suffered much; some, however, think they did. The correspondent of the *World* has collected all the particulars; his statements will be correct. There were several correspondents here at the time. I was the only artist who went into the action, the others not crossing the Creek at Hampton.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* visited John Tyler's house, and describes it thus:

I visited the country-seat of John Tyler, which I found a common sort of half-Gothic affair, standing on Hampton Creek or River, distinguished for nothing particularly inviting or noteworthy except the American flag, which adorned the highest peak. It is tenantless, except when a Zouave takes lodging on one of the ex-President's comfortable lounges. There are several fine residences in the immediate neighborhood, all of which are either deserted or tenanted after the manner aforesaid.

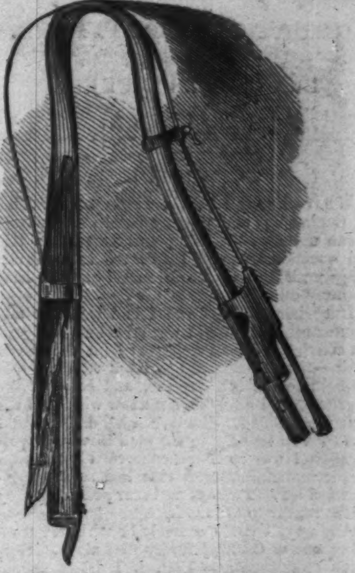
Of the work at Newport News, shown in the picture of the Vermont Regiment's camp, he says:

The redoubt is a formidable work; stretching across the point of land which makes out and causes the bend in the river, it will afford protection to a large body of men, and would seem to contemplate an increase of the forces now here. The Vermonters, who occupy the centre, appear to have progressed furthest in their labors.

The following private letter from Comp. K, dated last week, will doubtless be read with interest:

Camp Butler, Newport News, June 10, 1861.

I went out with a scouting party the other day from Camp Dix, under the command of Captain Bergh. We had forty men. We entered and searched a number of houses belonging to secessionists, captured a lot of cattle, etc. The houses are all deserted, and in most cases they have left their furniture and every thing. We get all the information we desire from the niggers. As we approached the house of Mr. J. Watson he was engaged in tying up his chickens, but observing our approach he made off and left every thing. We gave chase, but he succeeded in making his escape by swimming Back River. We posted a guard at his house; and the captain, lieutenant, and myself took a two-horse wagon and went further on to the house of Mr. Loppan. Coming as we did in a wagon, and without the guard, he did not observe our approach, so we took the gentleman prisoner. Here we found several horses, cattle, etc. As our men were engaged in guarding the different houses, we thought it best to send for a reinforcement. I volunteered to go for them, and had a nice little trotting horse hitched up. This is a beautiful country *in time of peace*, but bad in war, as it is mostly bush and woods: our road lay pretty much through the woods. This was a very dangerous errand for me. I did not seem to realize it at first; but after thinking it over a little, I saw my chances were pretty good to fall into the hands of some of the enemy's scouts, as there are a number of them hid in the woods even within a mile of our camp. It was too late to give up, so I took a nigger with me to show me the road back—*for which little piece of service I gave him his freedom*. After traveling about a mile I met two secessionists on the road, both armed—one with a sabre, and the other had an old-fashioned piece on his shoulder, the stock ornamented with brass. I did not so much fear them, as I took my pistol in hand, and would have shot the first one that attempted to move his piece. When within about two miles of camp I thought I was gone—in fact, I made up my mind to it. Two armed men, without uniforms, came out of the bushes, followed by fifteen or twenty, and ranged themselves along the road. I turned to my nigger. Says I, "It's all over with me!" The darkey, who was pale enough to pass for a white man, said, "Massa, give me the reins; let me turn him, and dey can't catch us." It was too late for that: we were not fifteen yards from them. I drew my pistol, and rode up to them and challenged them. They belonged to the Naval Brigade, and had strayed out from camp, which they should not have done, as no one is allowed to pass the picket-guard. I returned with forty more men, and learned from the party we had left that they had seen a party of rebels drilling on the other side of Back River, about three quarters of a mile off—close enough to see their muskets and uniforms. They wore red pants; blue shirts, trimmed with red. We got information from a nigger that there were 250 of them, with three field-pieces, in a church there, and only two hours' travel from Yorktown by the boat. In Yorktown there were about eight hundred rebels under arms. We returned to Watson's house and camped there, and collected our guards together. The men slept on their arms that night, as we fully expected an attack; we threw out pickets and barricaded the house. Before doing this, however, we chased a spy out from the bushes near the house. The enemy were burning signal-lights all night, which was evident to us they were in communication with Yorktown. However, we passed the night without an attack. In the morning I returned again to camp, as I had an engagement that afternoon to go to Newport News with one of General Butler's aids. Colonel Allen sent a messenger to the scouting party to return immediately, as he considered it madness for them to stay after having aroused the country. The time passed, and they came not. Finally, a report came that some of our men had been surrounded and captured. Allen immediately ordered out two companies to go and retake them. I volunteered to conduct to the place, as I knew the road. We took up the march and arrived there in fifty-five minutes, a distance of about five miles. We found them all right, but *preparing to go over and attack the rebels*. Allen sent a messenger to General Butler stating the case, and asking for a field-piece. Although the messenger sent in word that he wanted to see the General on important business, he did not make his appearance until an hour and a half afterward. He said the Colonel should have it; went out of the room, and did not return for two hours; then said he would assemble his aids. They went into session, and at two o'clock sent him back with an order for the piece. We had in the mean while returned home, as it was a bad night, raining, and Colonel Allen did not think it worth while to keep his men out in the rain any longer, supposing something had happened to our messenger. We marched ten miles that night in beating rain all the way. We brought into camp with us sixty head of cattle, one flock of sheep, pigs, horses, mules, etc.



GUN BENT DOUBLE BY A CANNON-BALL.
[Photographed by Weaver.]

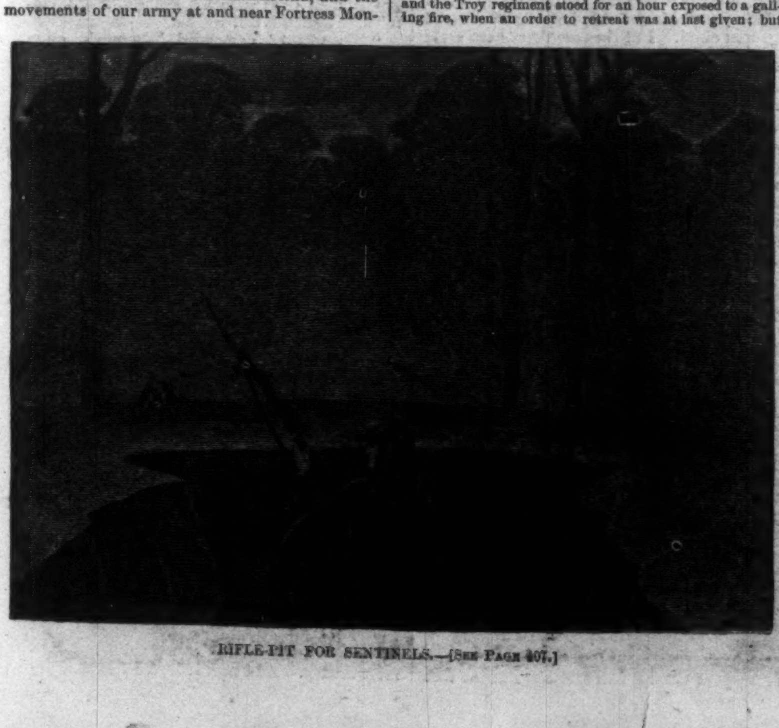
With regard to the Whipping-post, our artist writes:

This is a whipping-post on the premises of Mr. West, a wealthy man at Newport News. He is the owner of several hundred negroes, and is now at Yorktown, in the Secession Army. The negro is tied to the tree, standing on the cross-piece, his feet fitting in the two notches, No. 1; his or her breast resting against No. 2, to prevent their moving. No. 2 is bough of the tree hacked up into sharp points. The punishment is inflicted with a cowhide on the bare back. Their usual *allowance* is ten lashes for women and fifteen for men. I got this description from a woman on the place.

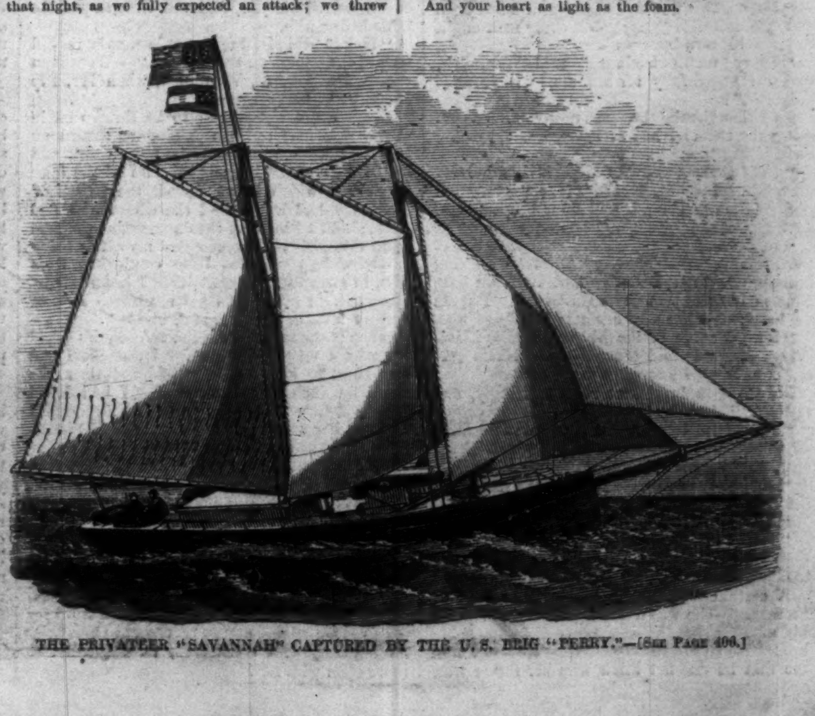
LYRICAL LINES.

As I wandered beside the blue measureless tide,
  While the waters and winds were at play,
A woman, forlorn, pale, weary, and worn,
  Arose like a ghost in my way.
Her famine-wrung sigh and her grief-dimmed eye
  Were heavy with moan and tear,
As I placed in her palm a drop of the balm
  Which the world holds so preciously dear:
And this blessing she gave as she turn'd to the wave
  And gazed up to the azure dome,
"May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
  And your heart as light as the foam."

Few words they were; but they seemed to bear
  A magic to cheer and to save:
A beauty was flung by that sorrowful tongue
  Like a spring-flower reared on a grave.
And Time, who estranges by checkers and changes,
  Kind thoughts that have wish'd us good-will,
Has left warmly impress'd on my brain and my breast
  The words of that pale woman still.
They held Music and Feeling, whose echo-tones stealing,
  Yet whisper where'er I may roam,
May your happiness be as deep as the sea,
  And your heart as light as the foam.



RIFLE-PIT FOR SENTINELS.—[See Page 407.]



THE PRIVATEER "SAVANNAH" CAPTURED BY THE U. S. BRIG "PERRY."—[See Page 406.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER L.

WHAT purpose I had in view when I was hot on tracing out and proving Estella's parentage I can not say. It will presently be seen that the question was not before me in a distinct shape until it was put before me by a wiser head than my own.

But when Herbert and I had held our momentous conversation, I was seized with a feverish conviction that I ought to hunt the matter down—that I ought not to let it rest, but that I ought to see Mr. Jaggers, and come at the bare truth. I really do not know whether I felt that I did this for Estella's sake, or whether I was glad to transfer to the man in whose preservation I was so much concerned some rays of the romantic interest that had so long surrounded her. Perhaps the latter possibility may be the nearer to the truth.

Any way, I could scarcely be withheld from going out to Gerrard Street that night. Herbert's representations that, if I did, I should probably be laid up and stricken useless when our fugitive's safety would depend upon me, alone restrained my impatience. On the understanding, again and again reiterated, that come what would, I was to go to Mr. Jaggers to-morrow, I at length submitted to keep quiet, and to have my hurts looked after, and to stay at home. Early next morning we went out together, and at the corner of Giltspur Street by Smithfield, I left Herbert to go his way into the City, and took my way to Little Britain.

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On those occasions Wemmick took his books and papers into Mr. Jaggers's room, and one of the up-stairs clerks came down into the outer office. Finding such clerk on Wemmick's post that morning, I knew what was going on; but I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then hear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

My appearance with my arm bandaged and my coat loose over my shoulders favored my object. Although I had sent Mr. Jaggers a brief account of the accident as soon as I had arrived in town, yet I had to give him all the details now; and the specialty of the occasion caused our talk to be less dry and hard, and less strictly regulated by the rules of evidence, than it had been before. While I described the disaster Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his wont, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair staring at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers, and his pen put horizontally into the post. The two brutal casts, always inseparable in my mind from the official proceedings, seemed to be congestively considering whether they didn't smell fire at the present moment.

My narrative finished, and their questions exhausted, I then produced Miss Havisham's authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers's eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the check for his signature. While that was in course of being done I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well-polished boots, looked on at me. "I am sorry, Pip," said he, as I put the check in my pocket, when he had signed it, "that we do nothing for *you*."

"Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me," I returned, "whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her No."

"Every body should know his own business," said Mr. Jaggers. And I saw Wemmick's lips form the words "portable property."

"I should *not* have told her No, if I had been you," said Mr. Jaggers; "but every man ought to know his own business best."

"Every man's business," said Wemmick, rather reproachfully toward me, "is portable property."

As I thought the time was now come for pursuing the theme I had at heart, I said, turning on Mr. Jaggers:

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, Sir. I asked her to give me some information relative to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at his boots and then straightening himself. "Hah! I don't think I should have done so, if I had been Miss Havisham. But *she* ought to know her own business best."

"I know more of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child than Miss Havisham herself does, Sir. I know her mother."

Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"And so have you, Sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father too."

A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner—he was too self-possessed to change his manner, but he could not help its being brought to an indefinably attentive stop—assured me that he did not know who her father was. This I had strongly suspected from Provis's account (as Herbert had delivered it) of his having kept himself dark; which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers's client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity. But I could not be sure of this unconsciousness on Mr. Jaggers's part before, though I was quite sure of it now.

"So! You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

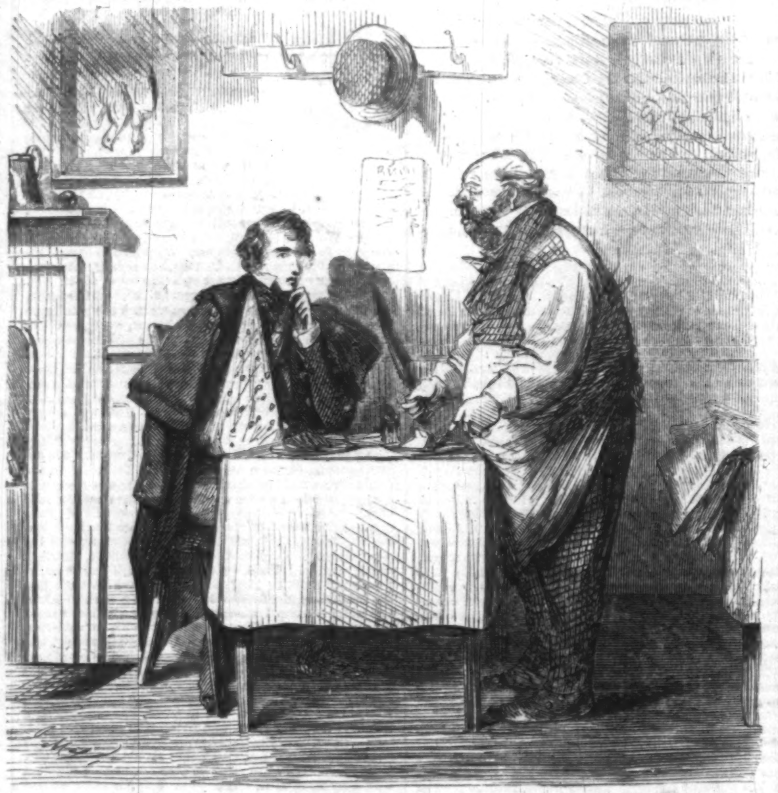
"Yes," I replied. "And his name is Provis—from New South Wales."

Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words. It was the slightest start that could escape a man, the most carefully repressed and the soonest checked, but he did start, though he made it a part of the action of taking out his pocket-handkerchief. How Wemmick received the announcement I am unable to say, for I was afraid to look at him just then, lest Mr. Jaggers's sharpness should detect that there had been some communication unknown to him between us.

"And on what evidence, Pip," asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he paused with his handkerchief half-way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim?"

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence."

For once the powerful pocket-handkerchief failed. My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into his pocket without completing the usual performance, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.



"KNOW HIM!" REPEATED THE LANDLORD. "EVER SINCE HE WAS NO HEIGHT AT ALL."

Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it; with the one reservation that I left him to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I in fact knew from Wemmick. I was very careful indeed as to that. Nor did I look toward Wemmick until I had finished all I had to tell, and had been for some time silently meeting Mr. Jaggers's look. When I did at last turn my eyes in Wemmick's direction, I found that he had unposted his pen, and was intent upon the table before him.

"Hah!" said Mr. Jaggers at last, as he moved toward the papers on the table. "—What item was it you were at, Wemmick, when Mr. Pip came in?"

But I could not submit to be thrown off in that way, and I made a passionate, almost an indignant, appeal to him to be more frank and manly with me. I reminded him of the false hopes into which I had lapsed, the length of time they had lasted, and the discovery I had made; and I hinted at the danger that weighed upon my spirits. I represented myself as being surely worthy of some little confidence from him, in return for the confidence I had just now imparted. I said that I did not blame him, or suspect him, or mistrust him, but I wanted assurance of the truth from him. And if he asked me why I wanted it and why I thought I had any right to it, I would tell him, little as he cared for such poor dreams, that I had loved Estella dearly and long, and that, although I had lost her and must live a bereaved life, whatever concerned her was still nearer and dearer to me than any thing else in the world. And seeing that Mr. Jaggers stood quite still and silent, and apparently quite obdurate, under this appeal, I turned to Wemmick, and said, "Wemmick, I know you to be a man with a gentle heart. I have seen your pleasant home, and your old father, and all the innocent, cheerful, playful ways with which you refresh your business life. And I entreat you to say a word for me to Mr. Jaggers, and to represent to him that, all circumstances considered, he ought to be more open with me!"

I have never seen two men look more oddly at one another than Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick did after this apostrophe. At first, a misgiving crossed me that Wemmick would be instantly dismissed from his employment; but it melted as I saw Mr. Jaggers relax into something like a smile, and Wemmick become bolder.

"What's all this?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You with an old father, and you with pleasant and playful ways?"

"Well!" returned Wemmick. "If I don't bring 'em here, what does it matter?"

"Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, laying his hand upon my arm, and smiling openly, "this man must be the most cunning impostor in all London."

"Not a bit of it," returned Wemmick, growing bolder and bolder. "I think you're another."

Again they exchanged their former odd looks, each apparently still distrustful that the other was taking him in.

"*You* with a pleasant home?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Since it don't interfere with business," returned Wemmick, "let it be so. Now I look at you, Sir, I shouldn't wonder if *you* might be planning and contriving to have a pleasant home of your own one of these days, when you're tired of this work."

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head retrospectively two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor dreams;' you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind. But about this other matter. I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing."

He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he expressly said that he admitted nothing.

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this case. Put the case that a woman, under such circumstances as you have mentioned, held her child concealed, and was obliged to communicate the fact to her legal-adviser, on his representing to her that he must know, with an eye to the latitude of his defense, how the fact stood about that child. Put the case that at the same time he held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up."

"I follow you, Sir."

"Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil, and that all he saw of children was their being generated in great numbers for certain destruction. Put the case that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal bar, where they were held up to be seen; put the case that he habitually knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out, qualified in all ways for the hangman, and growing up to be hanged. Put the case that pretty nigh all the children he saw in his daily business life he had reason to look upon as so much spawn, to develop into the fish that were to come to his net—to be prosecuted, defended, forsaken, made orphans, be-deviled somehow."

"I follow you, Sir."

"Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap who could be saved; whom the father believed dead, and dare make no stir about; as to whom, over the mother, the legal adviser had this power: 'I know what you did, and how you did it. You came so and so, this was your manner of attack and this the manner of resistance, you went so and so, you did such and such things to divert suspicion. I have tracked you through it all, and I tell it you all. Part with the child, unless it should be necessary to produce it to clear you, and then it shall be produced. Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to bring you off. If you are saved, your child is saved too; if you are lost, your child is still saved.' Put the case that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

"I understand you perfectly."

"But that I make no admissions?"

"That you make no admissions." And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

"Put the case, Pip, that passion and the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellects, and that when she was set at liberty she was scared out of the ways of the world, and went to him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature whenever he saw an inkling of its breaking out, by asserting his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

"Quite."

"Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father were known to one another, were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

"I do."

"I ask Wemmick to put it to *himself* very carefully."

And Wemmick said, "I do."

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret, Pip? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her, to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life. But add the case that you had loved her, Pip, and had made her the subject of those 'poor dreams' which have, at one time or another, been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I tell you that you had better—and would much sooner when you had thought well of it—chop off that bandaged left hand of yours with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick there, and cut *that* off, too."

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave, and who gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same, and Mr. Jaggers did the same. "Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at when Mr. Pip came in?"

Standing by for a little, while they were at work, I observed that the odd looks they had cast at one another were repeated several times: with this difference now, that each of them seemed suspicious, not to say conscious, of having shown himself in a weak and unprofessional light to the other. For this reason, I suppose, they were now inflexible with one another; Mr. Jaggers being highly dictatorial, and Wemmick obstinately justifying himself whenever there was the smallest point in abeyance for a moment. I had never seen them on such ill terms; for generally they got on very well indeed together.

But they were both happily relieved by the opportune appearance of Mike, the client with the fur cap and the habit of wiping his nose on his sleeve, whom I had seen on the very first day of my appearance within those walls. This individual, who, either in his own person or in that of some member of his family, seemed to be always in trouble (which in that place meant Newgate), called to announce that his eldest daughter was taken up on suspicion of shoplifting. As he imparted this melancholy circumstance to Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers standing magisterially before the fire and taking no share in the proceedings, Mike's eye happened to twinkle with a tear.

"What are you about?" demanded Wemmick, with the utmost indignation. "What do you come sniveling here for?"

"I didn't go to do it, Mr. Wemmick."

"You did," said Wemmick. "How dare you? You're not in a fit state to come here, if you can't come here without spluttering like a bad pen. What do you mean by it?"

"A man can't help his feelings, Mr. Wemmick," pleaded Mike.

"His what?" demanded Wemmick, quite savagely. "Say that again!"

"Now, look here my man," said Mr. Jaggers, advancing a step, and pointing to the door. "Get out of this office. I'll have no feelings here. Get out."

"It serves you right," said Wemmick. "Get out."

So the unfortunate Mike very humbly withdrew, and Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with a visible refreshment upon them, as if they had just had lunch.

CHAPTER LI.

FROM Little Britain I went, with my check in my pocket, to Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant; and Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant, going straight to Clarriker's and bringing Clarriker to me, I had the great satisfaction of completing that arrangement. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first apprised of my great expectations.

Clarriker informing me on that occasion that the affairs of the House were steadily progressing, that he would now be able to establish a small branch-house in the East, which was much wanted for the extension of the business, and that Herbert in his new partnership capacity would go out and take charge of it, I found that I must have prepared for a separation from my friend, even though my own affairs had been more settled. And now indeed I felt as if my last anchor were loosening its hold, and I should soon be driving with the winds and waves.

But there was recompense in the joy with which Herbert came home of a night and told me of these changes, little imagining that he told me no news, and sketched airy pictures of himself conducting Clara Barley to the land of the Arabian Nights, and of me going out to join them (with a caravan of camels, I believe), and of our all going up the Nile and seeing wonders. Without being sanguine as to my own part in these bright plans, I felt that Herbert's way was clearing fast, and that old Bill Barley had but to stick to his pepper and rum, and his daughter would soon be happily provided for.

We had now got into the month of March. My left arm, though it presented no bad symptoms, took in the natural course so long to heal that I was still unable to get a coat on. My right hand was tolerably restored—disfigured, but fairly serviceable.

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post:

> "Walworth. Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn."

When I had shown this to Herbert, and had put it in the fire—but not before we had both got it by heart—we considered what to do. For, of course, my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

"I have thought it over, again and again," said Herbert, "and I think I know a better course than taking a Thames waterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honorable."

I had thought of him more than once.

"But how much would you tell him, Herbert?"

"It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes; then let him know that there is urgent reason for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?"

"No doubt."

"Where?"

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what port we made for—Hamburg, Rotterdam, or Antwerp. The place signified little, so that he was got out of England. Any foreign steamer that fell in our way, and would take us up, would do. I had always proposed to myself to get him well down the river in the boat, certainly well beyond Gravesend, which was a critical place for search or inquiry if suspicion were afoot. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lie by in some quiet spot until we could pull off to one. The time when one would be due where we lay, wherever that might be, could be calculated pretty nearly, if we made inquiries beforehand.

Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to suit our purpose best, and we directed our thoughts chiefly to that vessel. But we noted down what other foreign steamers would leave London with the same tide, and we satisfied ourselves that we knew the build and color of each. We then separated for a few hours; I to get at once such passports as were necessary, Herbert to see Startop at his lodgings. We both did what we had to do without any hindrance, and when we met again at one o'clock reported it done. I, for my part, was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join.

Those two should pull a pair of oars, we settled, and I could steer; our charge would be sitter, and keep quiet; as speed was not our object, we should make way enough. We arranged that Herbert should not come home to dinner before going to Mill Pond Bank that evening; that he should not go there at all to-morrow evening, Tuesday; that he should prepare Provis to come down to some Stairs hard by the house, on Wednesday, when he saw us approach, and not sooner; and that all the arrangements with him should be concluded that Monday night; and that he should be communicated with no more in any way until we took him on board.

These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

On opening the outer door of our chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me—a very dirty letter, although not ill-written. It had been delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these:

> "If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes to-night or to-morrow night at Nine, and to come to the little sluice-house by the lime-kiln, you had better come. If you want information regarding *your uncle Provis*, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. *You must come alone.* Bring this with you."

I had had load enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now I could not tell. And the worst was, that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for to-night. To-morrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. And again, for any thing I knew, the proffered information might have some important bearing on the flight itself.

If I had had ample time for consideration I believe I should still have gone. Having hardly any time for consideration—my watch showing me that the coach started within half an hour—I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone but for the reference to my Uncle Provis; that, coming on Wemmick's letter and the morning's busy preparation, turned the scale.

It is so difficult to become clearly possessed of the contents of almost any letter, in a violent hurry, that I had to read this mysterious epistle again, twice, before its injunction to me to be secret got mechanically into my mind. Yielding to it in the same mechanical kind of way, I left a note in pencil for Herbert, telling him that as I should be so soon going away, I knew not for how long, I had decided to hurry down and back, to ascertain for myself how Miss Havisham was faring. I had then barely time to get my great-coat, lock up the chambers, and make for the coach-office by the short by-ways. If I had taken a hackney-chariot and gone by the streets, I should have missed my aim; going as I did, I caught the coach just as it came out of the yard. I was the only inside passenger, jolting away knee-deep in straw, when I came to myself.

For I really had not been myself since the receipt of the letter; it had so bewildered me ensuing on the hurry of the morning. The morning hurry and flutter had been great, for, long and anxiously as I had waited for Wemmick, his hint had come like a surprise at last. And now I began to wonder at myself for being in the coach, and to doubt whether I had sufficient reason for being there, and to consider whether I should get out presently and go back, and to argue against ever heeding an anonymous communication, and, in short, to pass through all those phases of contradiction and indecision to which I suppose very few hurried people are strangers. Still, the reference to Provis by name mastered every thing. I reasoned as I had reasoned already without knowing it—if that be reasoning—in case any harm should befall him through my not going, how could I ever forgive myself!

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

My inn had once been a part of an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to cut my dinner, the old landlord with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own story—of course with the popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

"Do you know the young man?" said I.

"Know him!" repeated the landlord. "Ever since he was no height at all."

"Does he ever come back to this neighborhood?"

"Ay, he comes back," said the landlord, "to his great friends now and again, and gives the cold shoulder to the man that made him."

"What man is that?"

"Him that I speak of," said the landlord. "Mr. Pumblechook."

"Is he ungrateful to no one else?"

"No doubt he would be if he could," returned the landlord; "but he can't. And why? Because Pumblechook done every thing for him."

"Does Pumblechook say so?"

"Say so!" replied the landlord. "He han't no call to say so."

"But does he say so?"

"It would turn a man's blood to white wine winegar to hear him tell of it, Sir," said the landlord.

I thought, "Yet Joe, dear Joe, *you* never tell of it! Long-suffering and loving Joe, *you* never complain! Nor you, sweet-tempered Biddy!"

"Your appetite's been touched like by your accident," said the landlord, glancing at the bandaged arm under my coat. "Try a tenderer bit."

"No, thank you," I replied, turning from the table to brood over the fire. "I can eat no more. Please take it away."

I had never been struck at so keenly for my thanklessness to Joe as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. The falser he, the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire for an hour or more. The striking of the clock aroused me, but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my coat fastened round my neck, and went out. I had previously sought in my pockets for the letter that I might refer to it again, but could not find it, and was uneasy to think that it must have been dropped in the straw of the coach. I knew very well, however, that the appointed place was the little sluice-house by the lime-kiln on the marshes, and the hour nine. Toward the marshes I now went straight, having no time to spare.

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